

The Daily Mirror

No. 385.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

THE THREE RULERS OF RUSSIA.



New portrait of the Grand Duke Vladimir, the man who was responsible for the first massacre in St. Petersburg.—(Russell and Sons.)



Tsar, with ikon in hand, blessing a detachment of soldiers ordered to the Far East.



Tsar and Tsaritsa, with their little daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, leaving the Kremlin, Moscow.



The cruel, hard-fisted General Trepoff, late Prefect of Police at Moscow, who has been appointed to the position of Governor of St. Petersburg. The sixth attempt was recently made upon his life at Moscow, where he earned an unenviable reputation. Consternation was universal when it was made known that this violent reactionary had been appointed, practically with autocratic powers over the capital.



The Tsar at the inspection of a battery of artillery, under orders for the war in Manchuria.



Tsar and Tsaritsa returning to the Winter Palace, after a drive through the streets of St. Petersburg.

TREPOFF— DICTATOR.

Rule of Tyranny and Brutality
at St. Petersburg.

WHOLESALE ARRESTS

Victims of Sunday's Massacre Buried
at Night.

FIGHTING AT MOSCOW.

Troops Fire on Workers and
Wound Many.

"DEATH TO THE TSAR!"

General Trepoft, the tyrant of Moscow, now the ruler of St. Petersburg, is busy. He has supreme power, and the first result of his dictatorship is the suppression of news.

"All is quiet," we are told, at St. Petersburg; the victims of Sunday's massacre were buried in the early morning by order; wholesale arrests have taken place—Maxime Gorky, the novelist, among others—and "order will be restored at all cost."

General Trepoft means business, and he is setting to work with a vengeance.

Meantime the news from Moscow is serious. The troops have fired on the people, and many have been wounded. How many have been killed we are not told, but it should be noted that the telegraphic dispatch has been "delayed by the Censor" and probably mutilated as well.

From other cities, especially in Russian Poland, there is meagre news of strikes and demonstrations in the streets, with hints as to the possible slaughter by the troops should the attitude of the workers become threatening.

For the moment, however, the curtain may be deemed to have fallen on the revolution until the ceaseless activity and resourcefulness of the newspaper correspondents have found a way of breaking through the silence which General Trepoft has decreed.

THE RULE OF IRON.

General Trepoft in Residence at the Winter Palace.

General Trepoft, the violent reactionary and tyrant, whose life has been attempted on six occasions, has, as we announced yesterday, been appointed Governor-General of St. Petersburg.

"The events of the last few days in St. Petersburg," says the Tsar in an official Ukase published yesterday, "have shown the necessity for the adoption of extraordinary measures for the preservation of civil order and public security.

"We have accordingly deemed it necessary to create the office of Governor-General" and General Trepoft is invested with powers which provide for the summary suppression of any vestige of civil rights that belonged to the community.

The General, as master of St. Petersburg, has taken up his quarters at the Winter Palace.

The first act under his régime has been the arrest of the leaders of the popular movement.

It is anticipated that arrests on a colossal scale will be made.

It is officially announced that the Emperor has expressed his thanks to General Trepoft for the distinguished and zealous services rendered by him in his late post of Chief of the Police of Moscow.—Reuter.

ARREST OF MAXIME GORKY.

Reuter telegraphed last night that Maxime Gorky was arrested at Riga yesterday.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday, 3.18 p.m.—A friend of M. Gorky's informs Laffan's correspondent that M. Maxime Gorky started at 7.30 on Monday evening for Riga, in response to a telegram

which stated that a true friend of his was dying in the hospital there.

M. Gorky spent the night at the hospital and returned to his friend's house in Riga at noon the next day, where he commenced to write some letters. At 1.30 p.m. the police surrounded the house and searched it, confiscating all papers found therein. M. Gorky was arrested at 5 p.m.—Laffan.

[A special article dealing with General Trepoft's career appears on page 7; the names and little character sketches of the men he has arrested appear on page 11.]

LATEST TELEGRAMS FROM ST. PETERSBURG.

WEDNESDAY.—The funerals of the victims of the events of Sunday were attended with pathetic scenes. All the professors of the Polytechnic School were present at the interment of the student who was killed.

The victims of Sunday's massacre were buried at five o'clock yesterday morning by order of General Trepoft.

In most cases the relatives of the deceased were not permitted to see the bodies, which were identified by means of their clothes and other belongings.—Reuter.

ATTACKED BY COSSACKS.

WEDNESDAY.—Eye-witnesses relate that a tram-car full of workmen was stopped yesterday on the Bolshoi Prospect by Cossacks.

One of the workmen called the Cossacks "butchers," whereupon the occupants of the car were compelled to alight and were struck by the Cossacks with the flat of their swords. One of them was wounded.

Opening their windows, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood assailed the Cossacks with shouts of "Assassins! Brigands!"

Want of means is beginning to force the workmen to stop the strike, especially in the Laferme cigarettes factory, where weaving women prayed for readmission. The management, however, does not dare to consent to their request owing to the threats of the strikers to sack the factory.

COURT SUSPENDS A TRIAL.

2.25.—An important trial in connection with the murder of two rich ladies in the summer of 1903 came on for hearing to-day. A barrister engaged in the case declared that he found it impossible to plead in view of the recent events in the capital. One of the jurymen, speaking on behalf of his colleagues, said that he agreed with that opinion. The Court was, therefore, compelled to suspend its sitting.

SUPPRESSION TO CONTINUE.

Further Arrests Made, But Serious Trouble Feared at Moscow.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg states that at a Grand Council held at Tsarskoe Selo last evening it was decided to continue the measures of repression in dealing with the disorders.

Further arrests have been made among the chiefs of the reform party.

The movement is rapidly gaining ground in the provinces, notably at Moscow, where serious trouble is feared.

VLADIMIR'S ENERGETIC MEASURES.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—The "New York Journal" yesterday telegraphed to the Grand Duke Vladimir at his palace, asking his views upon the present situation in Russia and what the Government purposed doing.

The following reply from the Grand Duke is published in the "New York Journal" this morning:—

"St. Petersburg, 6.35 p.m.—Reports have been much exaggerated. No doubt we are passing through acute crisis, but expect by energetic measures to restore order within short time."

MAY VLADIMIR BE TSAR?

Mr. Witold Voynich, one of the best-informed men in this country on Russian affairs, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that in his opinion the Grand Duke Vladimir will be Tsar of All the Russias in a few days.

"This," he said, "is what the Grand Duke has always been working for, till at last his great opportunity has come. Why not? Did not Alexander I. ascend the throne in the footsteps of a strangled father? There are plenty of precedents for it both in Russia, Turkey, and all despotic countries.

Then there is Vladimir's creature, the brutal and bloodthirsty reactionary, Trepoft, in whose appointment I see the Grand Duke winning his way all along the line. Nearly all the Grand Duke's creatures are cast in the same mould, and it is woe for Russia that they should have the supreme power."

SHOOTING STRIKERS.

Cossacks Fire on 3,000 Strikers
at Moscow.

INSURRECTION SPREADING

MOSCOW, Tuesday, 4 p.m. (delayed by Censor).—Three thousand demonstrators were fired upon by Cossacks to-day in the Piatnitskaya.

Many were wounded.—Reuter.

Yesterday the men in twenty factories, most of them of medium size, struck work. The operations at the Weichelt works demand an eight-hour day, the dismissal of four foremen owing to oppression, the abolition of penalties, and considerate treatment of the workmen.

They also wish to take part in the valuation of their work, delivered by them, and put forward other demands.

The men of the Bromley factory, who struck almost simultaneously with those employed by the Weichelt works, formulate the same claims, and they further desire the establishment of a factory library with a reading-room, and the conversion of the factory ambulance into a regular hospital.

In both factories the men demand full payment of wages during the strike.—Reuter.

The Grand Duke Sergius has taken up his residence at the Kremlin.

KOVNO (350 miles from St. Petersburg).

WEDNESDAY.—A Proclamation has been issued by the Governor, announcing that a strike has been brought about in the town by the threats of a comparatively small group of workmen, who propose in this way to secure some changes in the existing factory regulations and an increase of wages.

In the interests of the working class and the rest of the inhabitants the Proclamation calls upon the strikers to give no ear to the promptings of evil-disposed persons, and to resume work. The governor promises to afford the men the full support of the law to examine their demands and, as far as possible, to grant them.

At the same time he warns the strikers that in the event of disturbances in the streets he will take vigorous measures, and, if need be, have recourse to armed force.

KISHINEFF (900 miles from St. Petersburg).

WEDNESDAY.—During the performance at the theatre here last night, cries hostile to the Government rose from the crowded auditorium, while at the same time a large number of proclamations were thrown from the gallery into the pit.

A general panic ensued, and the curtain was lowered. Twenty persons were arrested, including four Jewish soldiers.

Order was subsequently restored, and the performance was resumed.—Reuter.

ODESSA (300 miles from St. Petersburg).

Russian refugees who arrived by the steamer *Friesland* yesterday, at Philadelphia, state that soldiers killed men, women, and children by hundreds at Odessa, where the revolution started weeks ago, also at Warsaw and other places, and that the news of the uprisings and slaughters was suppressed.

They declare that at least 2,000 were killed outside St. Petersburg.—Laffan.

RIGA (350 miles from St. Petersburg).

The men at most of the factories of Riga and the suburbs struck work to-day.

Negotiations have been commenced between the masters and the men.

All is quiet.

REVAL (250 miles from St. Petersburg).

The strike here has become general, but there is no disorder.

Most of the shops are closed, and bands of workmen are parading the streets.

SARATOFF (300 miles from St. Petersburg).

WEDNESDAY.—The men employed in the railway workshops and cognate establishments here have gone on strike.

RUSSIAN POLAND.

In Russian Poland the revolt has taken a particularly dangerous form. When the news of the St. Petersburg massacre reached Radom there was a demonstration of workmen in the streets. The combined forces of the troops, gendarmes, and police charged the crowds.

There was a fierce fight, and many combatants on both sides were killed or wounded. The workmen, who were dispersed, were armed with explosives.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—Alexander Lembski, a leader of the Polish revolutionary party, who is now in New York, says that a general revolt in Poland, Russian Armenia, and Finland is planned to follow the uprising in Russia.

THE TSAR'S WHEREABOUTS

The Emperor at Tsarskoe Selo Palace,
Enjoying Open-air Privacy.

WILL BE PRESENT AT THE COURT BALLS.

It is stated authoritatively that the Tsar is at present at Tsarskoe Selo Palace, fifteen miles from St. Petersburg, whither he departed prior to last Sunday's disturbances in St. Petersburg.

The Emperor proceeded to Tsarskoe Selo at the express wish of the Tsaritsa, in order that she and the Imperial children might enjoy the open-air privacy of the beautiful Palace grounds.

The Tsar will take up his residence at the Winter Palace on January 28, when the Court ball season commences.

The Imperial yacht *Standart*, on which his Majesty was reported to have left for a cruise, is at present lying off Kronstadt, the vessel being unable to move owing to the thick ice.

In Russian circles in London the opinion is strongly held that the capital and all the towns will soon resume their normal tranquillity.

No surprise is expressed by Russian authorities that the Tsar declined to receive a deputation of a hundred thousand workmen who pleaded, among other demands, for the separation of the Church from the State.—Central News.

TSAR'S LIFE THREATENED.

The Boyevaya (fighting) organisation of the Terrorist Party has just condemned the Tsar to death, although, after the murder of Von Plehve, which was due to this organisation, the party had informed the Tsar that his person was not aimed at. The proclamation of the death sentence charges the Tsar with having given orders for the people to be fired upon, when the latter, strong in having pledged its word, believed that it was going to a peaceful meeting on Sunday.

"DEATH TO THEM ALL"

Father Gapon's Fiery Denunciations of
the Tsar and His Ministers

Father Gapon, the revolutionary priest, has addressed fiery letters to the army and people of Russia. The following is an exact translation of his letter to the army:—

Against soldiers and officers who are slaying their innocent brothers, together with the wives and children of these, and against all oppressors of the people, I utter my pastoral curse. Upon soldiers who help the nation to win liberty I invoke a blessing, and from the military oath of allegiance which they took to the traitorous Tsar, at whose behest the blood of innocent people was shed, I do hereby absolve them. (Signed) GEORGE GAPON, Priest.

In the second, which is being circulated among the workmen, he writes:—

Brothers, working men,—The innocent blood of the people has been spilt. We harbour within us sentiments of bitterness and vengeance against the bestial Tsar and the jackals, his Ministers, and, believe me, the day is near, very near, when a host of working men will rise up more menacing, more conscious, and, like one man, will strike for their own freedom and for the freedom of all Russia. Weep not for the slain heroes; be comforted. Beaten we have been, but not conquered. Let us tear up all the portraits of the bloodthirsty Tsar, and say to him: "Be thou accursed with all thy most august reptile brood."

(Signed) GEORGE GAPON, Priest.

The third and most inflammatory of all was burnt immediately after it had been read to a secret meeting of the revolutionaries.

LATEST ITEMS.

It is confirmed that some St. Petersburg regiments refused obedience.

In official circles the strike movement is attributed to the revolutionists, who helped it with funds and advice.

The arrest of Captain Davidoff and his officers shows that the shot fired at the Palace on the 19th was the result of a military conspiracy.

An appeal for funds has been issued by the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom (London) for the relief of victims of the present struggle. Contributions may be sent to Messrs. R. Spence, Watson, and Green, 40, Outer Temple, W.C.

(For other news of the situation see pages 7, 10, and 11.)

EARL DENIES TREASURE HUNT.

Lord Fitzwilliam Tells the True
Story of His Strange Cruise.

EXPLAINS THE ACCIDENT.

Earl Fitzwilliam, of whom so much has been said and written during the past month, returned to England yesterday by the mail steamer Orinoco.

If his lordship's ears have burned rather frequently during his absence from Great Britain, it is surely nobody's fault but his own.

A nobleman who chartered a mail steamer as a yacht, goes a-cruising in the Spanish Main with one of the most persistent treasure-seekers of modern times, and meets with a mysterious accident of which half-a-dozen versions are cable-d, must expect to attract some public attention.

Add that his yacht was reported near Cocos Island, where a treasure-hunting party is at work, and where the dragon-hermit, Governor Geisler, watches night and day over the secret of the pirate Bontino, and all the materials for a fine romance are to hand.

Farewell, Romance.

Yet Earl Fitzwilliam, as he walked the deck of the Orinoco in his navy-blue yachting suit and cap, looked little like the hero of a y-o-heave-ho romance of the Spanish Main.

Bronzed by his voyage and fully restored to health, he appeared as an unaffected, somewhat conventional member of the British peerage.

And the plain, unvarnished tale he told the *Daily Mirror*, though charged with interest, had little in it that concerns the buried millions of Cocos Island.

"The object of my cruise," he said, "was to search for certain minerals which I had every reason to believe existed on the mainland of Central America and on the adjacent islands.

"The result of the expedition has been eminently satisfactory; further details I cannot give at present, as the necessary concessions have not yet been obtained.

"During her cruise the Venetique called at Colon, Panama, Punta Arenas, Costa Rica, and several small islands off the coast.

"On one of these islands the accident occurred.

"We discovered a rock, which, as we suspected, contained certain veins of metal. We tried to shatter it with a gelignite cartridge, but without success.

How the Accident Occurred.

"A second charge was then inserted and a great fall of rock resulted.

"I was then in the launch, a few cable-lengths from the shore, and noticing a commotion among the workmen put in to land.

"I learned there that some of the workmen had been partially buried by the landslide. We set to work to free them, and a second slip occurred, in which I was struck by a large fragment of rock.

"I got a severe cut on the back of the head, and others of the party were even more seriously injured, the work of rescue occupying some time.

Earl Fitzwilliam professed himself at once astounded and amused at the stories which have been appearing about his expedition.

"The necessary reticence I observed," he said, "and the presence of Admiral Palliser among my party probably gave rise to these rumours.

"But why, if I were only treasure-hunting, should I have employed skilled mining engineers, trained miners, and the most modern appliances?

"I am, of course, familiar with the legends of the Cocos Island treasure. Had my engagements permitted, I might even have spent a few days investigating the truth of these reports."

The island where the accident took place, Earl Fitzwilliam admitted, was inhabited by a lonely man, his wife, and two native servants. But the stories of an encounter he characterised as absolutely unfounded.

An excellent portrait of Earl Fitzwilliam appears on page 6.

THE KING SHOOTS WELL.

The King spent several enjoyable hours in Windsor Forest yesterday, the weather being perfect for pheasant shooting.

His Majesty, who was accompanied by Prince Alexander of Teck, made the best bag of the day.

M.P. GUARDSMAN MARRIED.

A Guardsman, who is also a member of Parliament, was married at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, yesterday.

Captain Percy Clive, of the Grenadier Guards, and member for South Herefordshire, was married to Miss Muriel Dore, daughter of Lady Lewis.

The bride was followed up the aisle by two tiny girls acting as train-bearers and four bridesmaids in white cloth dresses.

George Stern, the world's record jockey, is holiday-making in London. In 1900 he won the Derby on Saxon.

MYSTERIOUS HERMIT DEAD

Said To Be a Well-known Society Man
Worth £250,000.

Under the assumed name of "George Boreham" a wealthy bachelor has lived since 1869 the life of a hermit at Folkestone.

Last Sunday he died, and will be buried to-day. The greatest interest is aroused as to what name will be engraved on his tombstone.

It will be, tradition runs, a name of a man well known in society who disappeared fifty years ago.

His whole career since then is shrouded in mystery. For a few years Mr. George Boreham was seen out, and then suddenly one day the front door of his house closed upon him, and for twenty years he was his housekeeper and his man-servant has ever seen him.

But from his seclusion the old gentleman followed a curious hobby. Every furnished house which came into the market he purchased in the name of Miss Campbell, his housekeeper. But they were never afterwards let or used for occupation. As chairs, tables, etc., stood on the day of the sale they have remained ever since.

Last Sunday "Mr. George Boreham" died. He left no will, but a fortune, it is said, of £250,000, which goes to the Crown.

LADY FITZWILLIAM.



She has been anxious for the safety of her husband, Earl Fitzwilliam, who returned yesterday from his treasure-hunting expedition on Cocos Island.

BOUND AND GAGGED.

Lady Left Unconscious in Her House by
Daring Robbers.

Mrs. Ryan, who was alone in her house at Moss-side, Manchester, was startled by a well-dressed man suddenly rushing at her as she entered her bedroom.

Putting his hand over her mouth he called to a woman who was with him to take Mrs. Ryan. His orders were promptly carried out, and the lady thereupon lost consciousness.

Miss Ryan, returning from business almost immediately afterwards, raised an alarm.

Tape bound her unconscious mother's hands, and was tightly tied round her neck.

The thieves had wrapped up various articles in a tablecloth, but had run away without them. No trace of the criminals has yet been found.

TWO BISHOPS CONSECRATED.

Two Bishops were consecrated yesterday, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Westminster Abbey, amid much ornate ritual and the full Liturgy of the Church.

The Rev. A. Beresford Turner, M.A., was made Bishop of Korea, and the Venerable Cecil Henry Boutflower, M.A., Archdeacon of Furness, Bishop of Dorchester.

JUDGES INDISPOSED.

Owing to indisposition, Mr. Justice Darling was unable to attend the King's Bench Division yesterday.

Sir Francis Jeune was able to leave his room yesterday morning, and is improving daily. It is hoped that he will be able to resume his duties early next month.

LADY CURZON WELL AGAIN.

Lady Curzon, having entirely recovered from her recent illness, is shortly returning to India with her children.

FROM EDITOR TO EVANGELIST.

Eloquent London Preacher to Sail
for America.

STRIKING FIGURE.

The most noteworthy event so far in the religious revival is the decision of the Rev. N. J. Dawson, of the Congregational Church, Highbury-quadrant, to become an evangelist. Mr. Dawson has intimated his intention to his deacons. He will inaugurate his new career in the States.

Some time ago Gipsy Smith conducted evangelistic services in Mr. Dawson's church at Highbury, and the eloquent pastor was so much impressed that, in a subsequent visit to America, he devoted his holiday largely to preaching the Gospel. "Hardly had he returned to London when he received a numerous signed requisition from ministers in all parts of the United States urgently desiring him to undertake an evangelistic crusade in America.

Mr. Dawson regarded this as an imperative call to mission work, and decided to relinquish his Highbury charge. Thus England gets Dr. Torrey and America gets Mr. Dawson, ex-editor of the "Young Man," and one of the most popular preachers and writers in the Congregational Union. Though sorry to lose him, his people at Highbury realise Mr. Dawson's pre-eminent qualifications for evangelistic work.

Mr. Dawson once belonged to the Wesleyan body, and before coming to London was minister to a large congregation in Sauchiehall-street, Glasgow. On Sunday evenings people of all denominations flocked to hear the dramatic preacher.

Striking Utterances.

During his twelve years at Highbury he has been probably the most popular preacher in North London. His style is striking, and his utterances are never commonplace. It is no unusual thing for him, even in an evangelistic address, to intersperse in the aptest way quotations from half a dozen of the poets—Browning, Tennyson, Walt Whitman, Shakespeare, Milton, or Shelley, whom he greatly admires.

Though only in his fifty-first year, Mr. Dawson's literary output has been astonishing. In addition to lecturing widely on literary and historical subjects, he has published among other works "A Vision of Souls" (poems), "Essays on Life and Literature," "The Makers of Modern Poetry," "The Comrade-Christ" (sermons), "Judith Boldero, a Tragic Romance," "Makers of Modern Prose," "The Man Christ Jesus," and "Savonarola, a Drama."

SHOWMAN'S LAMENT.

Religious Revival Threatens the Trade of the
Followers of Barnum.

All the world's a show, and all the men and women merely showmen.

Such was the text of an address delivered at the annual meeting of the Showmen and Vendors' Protection Association by Mr. Fred Bibby, who acted as chairman in the absence of Lord George Sanger.

"Showmen," said the speaker, "give the masses pure entertainment under the blue canopy of Heaven.

"The whole world is composed of showmen. Young Winston Churchill is a political showman." Then, in sadder tones, Mr. Bibby referred to a wave of puritanical oppression—revival services and the like—under which showmen would sink into oblivion, if they did not rise to protect their own interests.

EVANGELISTS IN THE FIELD.

The undenoted list of evangelists at work in various parts indicates the religious stir in the country:—

John McNeil.	Dan Roberts.
R. Lane.	Charles Ingils.
Gipsy Smith.	Dr. Henry.
Telefree Parr.	James Montgomery.
George Clarke.	John Robertson.
Evan Roberts.	

FIRE VICTIMS.

Though but slight material damage was caused by a fire yesterday at 25, Ridsdon-street, Bermondsey, a baby of thirteen months—Norah Ash—was so badly burnt that she died soon afterwards.

At a fire in Sylon-street, Hoxton, Mrs. Cooke and her fourteen-year-old daughter Maud were severely burnt, and are lying in hospital in a critical condition.

MR. TERRY ABANDONS HIS TOUR

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—Mr. Edward Terry has decided to close his American visit as soon as his engagement at the Princess Theatre in New York is finished, as the results, pecuniarily, have not been satisfactory. He will sail for England on February 18.—Laffan.

AMAZING CONFESSION.

London Town Clerk Accuses Himself
of Stealing £10,000.

The Town Clerk of Holborn, Mr. Henry Corbett Jones, was charged, upon his own confession, at Bow-street yesterday, with having stolen £10,049 10s. 6d., the property of the Holborn Borough Council.

The prisoner, looking very careworn and distressed, wept when he entered the dock, and listened to the evidence against him with his head in his hands.

An inspector told the Court how, in the presence of the prisoner, he had been handed a letter that morning by the superintendent of Bow-street police station.

The accused then said: "I wish to give myself up for stealing the money mentioned in that letter.

"It is quite true. I have been very ill, but I am perfectly sane, and I know what I am talking about."

When charged he made no reply.

The accused asked the magistrate for permission to call on his doctor to speak, and that gentleman said that Mr. Jones had been in bed for a fortnight. He only got up that morning, and the doctor accompanied him to Bow-street without knowing what he was going to do.

When Mr. Jones told the doctor of the confession he thought it was a hallucination.

The accused was remanded.

REVIVING PROSPERITY.

Bankers and Business Men Speak Hopefully
of a Good Time Coming.

Times are bad, of course—they always are—but they are getting better.

The signs, revealed by inquiries among bankers, company-promoters, and underwriters, are the great success of half a dozen big issues this month and the unwonted activity of advertising agents and underwriters concerned in new companies.

That money is flowing and confidence restored is shown by the record for the last three weeks, during which the following big issues were readily subscribed:—

Chilian Government Loan.
East London Loan.
New South Wales Loan.
Irish Loan.
Egyptian Agency Company.

"Industrials" are showing activity, and in banking circles there is a spirit of buoyancy.

At the half-yearly meetings of the London and Westminster and the London and Provincial Banks yesterday the chairman in each case referred hopefully to the prospects for the immediate future.

"Would a general election injure the prospects?" asked the *Daily Mirror* of one financier. "It would interrupt business for a few weeks, probably, but that is all," was the reply.

MERELY MARY ANN.

How a Maid Anxious for Her Wages Jogged
Her Mistress's Memory.

Mary Lane is the name of a general servant who adopted curious methods of getting her wages from her mistress—Mrs. Ray, of Chester-square.

Mary told Judge Woodfall at Westminster yesterday that she systematically placed a slip of paper before Mrs. Ray bearing the words:

"On the day Mary was discharged she went into the room of the defendant's brother, half-dressed, saying, 'Mary's going to be discharged. Mary don't care. Mary won't have any money.'

Mrs. Ray had repudiated Mary's claim, and said she had charged for milk and cream given to her friends while Mrs. Ray was away.

Mary got her £2, but the Judge found that Mrs. Ray was entitled to discharge her.

WHOLE DUTY OF CANVASSERS.

The whole duty of a house-to-house canvasser is set forth in typical American fashion by a firm, selling an evergreen plant from Mexico, which is seeking representatives in Liverpool and Chester.

"Ring the bell. Be smiling and pleasant when the lady comes. Don't talk at the door. Step right in, anyway. Be smiling and pleasant. Say, 'We are selling a plant from the Holy Land, which grows in ten minutes, and never dies.' Add that it is the 'rolling thing before the whirlwind' mentioned by Isaiah. Be smiling and pleasant."

WORKHOUSE INMATE WITH £400.

Though she has a banking account of £400, a woman has been staying in the Bath Workhouse paying 7s. a week for the privilege.

The guardian object to the workhouse being used as a hotel, and yesterday referred the case to the Removals Committee.

ARE ENTERTAINMENTS TOO DEAR?

Remarkable Offer by the Manager of the Lyceum.

PROPOSED "DAILY MIRROR" WEEK.

The following remarkable letter, proposing that the *Daily Mirror* should run a variety entertainment for a week on the lines suggested by our recent correspondence on "Are Entertainments Too Dear?" has been received from Mr. Thomas Barrasford, the manager of the new and magnificent Lyceum Theatre, Wellington-street, Strand:—

"I am not anxious to again trespass on your space, but as my letter has led to comment by 'In-frequent Playgoer' and in your editorial columns, I feel it incumbent upon me to answer his queries.

"I did not say I had solved the point by having 3s. stalls, I merely remarked that 'ex-Manager' was not correct in saying that a stall at a London variety house could not be obtained under 5s.

"In-frequent Playgoer' asks why fix 6.30 and 9 o'clock for hours of performance. 'City clerks,' he says, 'do not finish work till 6.' I did not say that my early performance was for the City clerks only. There are the country people to be thought of, who come to London for the afternoon, have their tea at 5 o'clock, and like to go to some entertainment, and catch an early train home.

"Perhaps 'In-frequent Playgoer' may be right in saying 6.30 is too early for the first house, but I am inclined to think his time—7.30—is too late. With regard to prices. I do not think, taking good times with bad, that it would be possible to make a profit sufficient to satisfy shareholders if our prices were lower than at present.

"I am, however, open to conform to public requirements, and if it can be proved that a reasonable profit can be made working on lines as suggested by yourselves and your co-repondens, then I will do it; but it seems to me that newspaper correspondence is only surmise and fancies, and I must have better proof than this.

"I have now a proposition to make. I will place the theatre in the hands of the *Daily Mirror* for one week and let you work the theatre according to your idea of time and prices, and to prove that it is not from any pecuniary motives that I do this, but merely to test the possibilities, will, should there be any, give the profit to any charity you name. I think this is the only way to settle the question of cheap but good entertainments.

"THOMAS BARRASFORD."

WHAT WE HAVE TO SAY.

[The remarkable offer made by Mr. Barrasford, the manager of the Lyceum Theatre, that the *Daily Mirror* should run his theatre for a week on the lines and at prices best suited in our opinion to the requirements of the public, will have our serious consideration—especially as he generously suggests that profits arising from such a week's entertainment should be handed over to any charity named by us.

What we argued in the discussion on "Are Entertainments Too Dear?" which closed yesterday, was that the present entertainments at variety theatres were not crisp, bright, varied, or cheap enough, or given at the right hours, to reasonably warrant the support of the great public.

It would be an interesting experiment to see to what extent the public are prepared to support a high-class, wholesome, and varied entertainment given in a beautiful theatre on the lines suggested by the *Daily Mirror*.

There are many details to be arranged before we can accept Mr. Barrasford's novel proposal, but our readers may expect to hear more from us on the subject.—Ed. *Daily Mirror*.]

THINNEST WATCHES IN THE WORLD

Reduced to LADIES' OR 25/- POST FREE. GENTS' 35/-

Five Years' Written Guarantee.

SOLD ELSEWHERE AT £2 10s.

Accurate timekeepers, beautiful jewelled movements, handsome dark blue oxidised cases.

These watches are acknowledged by those in the trade to be astonishingly cheap at 25/-

Also in Real Silver 35/-, Ladies' or Gents', and in Real Gold, Ladies' £2 15s., Gents' £2 17s. 6d.

V. SAMUEL & Co., 26, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON E.C.

The Cheapest Shop for Watches and Clocks in the World.

VANISHED ACTRESS.

Starts to Fulfil an Engagement and Never Arrives.

Florrie Kendall, an actress, young, beautiful, and full of the joy of life, has disappeared. She is supposed to have left London for Cardiff in September to take up an engagement there. Whether she actually left is not known. Since then all efforts to find her have been in vain. These are the main facts in the pitiful appeal for help which Mr. Du Rieu, her distracted mother, made to Mr. Cluer at Worship-street Police Court yesterday.

For the last five years the missing girl—she is only twenty—has been associated with her cousin, Marie Kendall, the well-known comedienne. Her mother last saw her at the beginning of September.

Some time afterwards she learned that the cousins had parted, and being entirely without news of her daughter applied at the police-court for the help of the Press.

A fortnight later she received a letter purporting to be from the missing girl. It bore neither date nor address, but the envelope was postmarked Cheltenham, December 5. It was signed: "Your Loving Daughter, Florrie," but on examination she was sure it was not really from her.

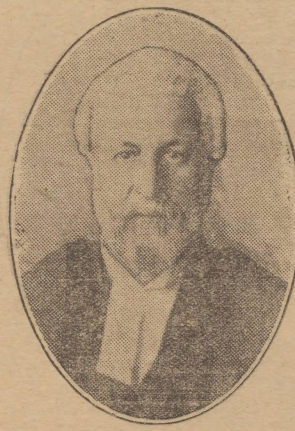
The girl had no money, even when she left, and no means except from her engagements in the music-hall.

Although she is very well known, so information of her having been seen at any of the provincial halls could be obtained.

A professional weekly paper recently had an appeal as from Miss Marie Kendall asking "Florrie to write to Marie," but nothing came of it.

Miss Florrie Kendall is well built, dark hair and complexion, and when last leaving London wore a red-plaid skirt and blouse, fashionable hat, and a three-quarter sable cape, lined with white broche silk.

SIR FRANCIS JEUNE,



President of the Divorce Court, who, it is understood, will sit at the trial, in view of his continued ill-health.—(Russell and Sons.)

BLOTS ON SCENERY.

Postmaster-General To Be Asked to Abolish the Ugly Overhead Wire.

To-day the Postmaster-General will receive a deputation of protest against the disfigurement of open spaces and places of natural beauty by the erection of unsightly overhead telephone and telegraph wires.

"No one who has passed through Bucks by way of Watling-street," said Mr. L. C. Chubb, the society's secretary, to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "can have failed to note the ugliness of the two double rows of posts which it carries over the Chilterns.

"The Hog's Back, one of the most beautiful spots in Surrey, has suffered badly. And the beauty of many of the roads running through the New Forest is spoilt by the poles, and fine old beech trees are mutilated by trimming operations to clear the wires, which ought to be placed underground."

FORGIVING WIFE.

Although she has taken out at least a dozen summonses against her husband for assault, Mrs. Mary Cavelly has never appeared against him.

This forgiving wife when her husband was charged for the thirteenth time at the Thames Police Court, yesterday, said she had always lived happily with her husband, and did not wish him to be punished. The man was discharged.

FAITHLESS SWAIN.

The Result of Being Engaged to Two Girls at the Same Time.

INFIDELITY COSTS £100.

"If you do not stop the case I shall blow out my brains on your doorstep."

This, said Miss Elizabeth Lush, when she appeared at the Westminster Guildhall yesterday as plaintiff in a breach of promise case against Mr. Frederick Charles Tout, was what the defendant said to her after he had been served with the writ in the case.

"But you did not stop the proceedings," said counsel.

"Oh, no," answered the lady, "I wrote and told his father, and went on with the case."

The defendant, it appeared, was an Imperial Yeoman, and the son of a Hendon builder. He became engaged to the plaintiff, who was the daughter of a naval officer, and governess in one of the Hendon schools, in 1900.

An engagement ring was given the lady, and many loving letters passed between the couple. For years the course of love ran smoothly, and there seemed to be every prospect of a marriage.

Engaged to Another.

Then, in December last, said Miss Lush, an attractive and smartly-dressed young lady, she began to suspect that Mr. Tout was paying attention to another lady, and taxed him with it. But he repeatedly and fervently denied the truth of her accusations.

The deceived plaintiff however wrote to her faithless lover for an explanation, and he replied:

Dear Miss Lush,—I should like to know what kind of game you are playing.

He again denied that he was engaged to Miss Mellich, but eventually he broke off his engagement with Miss Lush.

Hopeless Obstinacy.

During this time, while his affection was cooling, he wrote to plaintiff when questioned about marriage:—

"I suppose you are in a jolly fine stew over me. When I retire I shall commence keeping my word, and not before. . . I am in a hopeless state of obstinacy; I always am."

Defendant (defending his own case) said that plaintiff had told him she would break off the engagement. Turning to the plaintiff he added: "Even after it was broken off you used to ask me to kiss you, didn't you?"

"No," said the lady indignantly.

Defendant: You did. You used to say, "Give me a kiss." I used to reply, "No, I don't want one." (Loud laughter)—and then you used to say, "I will kiss you." Didn't you?

"Decidedly not," said the plaintiff, amid the laughter of the Court.

Defendant: You know you used to fight like a little tiger to get one home.

Defendant denied that there was any engagement with Miss Mellich. The jury awarded the plaintiff £100 damages.

THE GREAT ROBERTS BREAK.

Through Inadvertence It Will Not Count as a Record.

"I expect to do better yet." Thus John Roberts on his marvellous break of 821 at Glasgow on Tuesday.

"I am in the best of form just now. Two months ago, when I was off colour, I said that I would soon strike my true form. That time has come now."

The great break, however, will not be allowed to rank as a record, owing to the inadvertence of the makers of the table, Messrs. Riley, of Accrington.

A communication has been received from the Billiard Association, through their secretary, Mr. Steven, stating that no official cognisance can be taken of the performance unless the table was officially tested before the match.

This was not done.

Mr. Steven was then invited to send a man at once to test the table with a template.

He returned the only possible answer—that it is too late to test a table two days after the break was made.

SUICIDE PREFERRED TO MURDER.

Before throwing himself from Rosebery-avenue-buildings into the roadway below, Charles James Cox wrote to his mother:—

"I intended doing murder with a chopper. He has driven me to this—the scoundrel."

A coroner's jury yesterday returned a verdict of Suicide whilst insane.

Mr. Arthur E. Macdonald, an Englishman, has broken the five miles world's automobile record, having done the distance in Florida in 3min. 17sec.—Reuter.

PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

More About the Beetles That Drove Away a Clergyman.

Many of Kensington's most elegant and refined inhabitants came to Mr. Justice Phillimore's Court yesterday to listen to the continuation of the Fulham vicar's cockroach case.

Mrs. Shorter, the vicar's "temporary cook," began by describing how she three times cleaned the kitchen of the house in Holland-street, which Mr. Percival, the vicar, hired from Mr. Walton, the artist, before she could sit in it. "I got the kitchen cleaner," she said, "but not clean."

Then she spoke of two or three beetles nesting in the tea-cups and sugar-basin, which she got out to make tea with. Having thus gently prepared the way she passed on to squadrons of cockroaches that scamped about the cupboards, and regiments that paraded the larder.

The audience was now braced up to bear the final ordeal. Mrs. Shorter took her hearers in imagination into "a very black, dirty room," where she had to spend the night. She continued:—

"Having scrubbed the bed, I lay down, and then the cockroaches came pouring out of the windows, down the walls, and from the fireplace.

"I lit the night-lights, thinking that the light would prevent the cockroaches coming out, but they came crawling on to my bed in swarms. I sat up all night shooing them off."

Describing a subsequent battle the cook said:—"The more I caught the thicker they seemed to come. The floor was black with them."

At the conclusion of the campaign Mrs. Shorter was laid up for a week.

The jury was unable to settle the delicate point whether the vicar, the Rev. Lancelot Percival, is liable for the quarter's rent—£78—claimed by Mr. Walton. The jury disagreed, and was discharged.

HONEYMOON QUARRELS.

How a Three Weeks' Engagement Ended in an Unhappy Wedded Life.

Married in March, 1902, Mrs. Lily Lawrence Sinclair separated from her husband, Mr. Duncan Sinclair, in December of the same year. His treatment of her during the short period that they lived together she detailed to the Divorce Court yesterday.

One day, "with his hands all covered with blood," he gave her a pantomimic reproduction of a fight which he said he had had in a Kensington hotel. He used insulting language to her even when they were on their honeymoon at Mentone.

Mrs. Sinclair in cross-examination admitted that she might have smoked a cigarette at the hostelry kept by her mother in Holborn.

Her engagement had been short—only three weeks—but she had known Mr. Sinclair for fifteen years before he asked her to marry him.

The Court granted her a judicial separation after Mr. Sinclair had denied violence and evidence had been given that he had been friendly with another lady.

OUR COAL GIVING OUT.

Royal Commission Calls for Economy in Methods of Consumption.

Wastefulness, says the final report of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies issued yesterday, characterises the existing methods of coal consumption, and economy is necessary.

Our available quantity of coal in proved fields is estimated at 109,914,665,167 tons, if present conditions continue, but improved appliances may result in a greater percentage of coal being available. The present annual output is £39,000,000 tons, so at a time not far distant there will be a decreased output, and then a gradual decline.

Large quantities of the best Welsh steam coal, too small to pay for raising, are now being made profitable in the form of briquettes.

The Commissioners record their conviction that there is no real substitute for coal as a source of power, though oil may be used in the Navy for auxiliary purposes.

MARK TWAIN.

"The only useful thing," says Mark Twain, "is to get Plasmion into the stomach—dissolved, or in clods, or petrified, or any way so it gets there. I had an eight years' persistent dispute with dyspepsia, but when visiting England my doctor ordered Plasmion to be added to my other food, and I have had no return of it since. I agree with the *Lat-ent* that it is an extremely valuable food."

Free from your Grocer, "Plasmion Cookery Book," 140 Dakota Dishes (or 1/- from your Bookseller).

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Amusing Sketch of the Personalities
on the North Sea Commission.

SETTLING PROCEDURE.

French Diplomacy, British Stability, and
Russian Blundering.

PARIS, Wednesday.—The second public sitting of the North Sea Commission was held this morning.

Captain Woods, of the Wilson liner Zero, gave evidence of facts well known already.

Some interesting and entertaining particulars are given this morning of what has been going on behind the scenes of the Commission.

They are furnished by representative of the "Matin" who discusses, with much candour men and matters connected with the International Tribunal.

After stating how, even in regard to the choice of its place of meeting, the Commission encountered difficulties, which M. Delcassé had to adjust in person, the account (says Reuter) continues as follows:—

"Each one of the Commissioners is the embodiment of a type. Admiral Fournier represents diplomacy—smiling, affable, and clear-sighted. Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont is one of the lights of the British Intelligence Department, of which he has the automatic rigidity.

"Admiral Davis represents American 'Devil-may-careism.' When he is asked for his opinion he replies, with a genial smile: 'I am bound to think so.' Before he left Washington he was told very precisely how he was to think.

"As to Admiral Kaznakoff, he represented 'bungling' on the Commission, as he clearly showed. The Commissioners had not been together for five minutes before the question of deciding upon a fifth member came up.

"Admiral Kaznakoff proposed an Austrian. Admiral von Spaun, and insisted on an Austrian, not a Frenchman being chosen. He came down upon the Commission like a Variag on the Japanese fleet.

"Great Britain and America yielded with a good grace; but suddenly Admiral Kaznakoff was recalled to St. Petersburg, and the present Commissioner, Admiral Dubassoff, was appointed as his successor.

"Then the Commission again met.

"This time the procedure of its deliberations had to be determined. Should they be in public or in private? The British, who bring their parliamentarism with them even into diplomacy, insisted on everything being public. Russia, who likes nothing so well as silence, objected with all her might. The discussion would, perhaps, have been going on now had not Admiral Fournier, taking a paper out of his pocket, closed it by submitting a set of rules, which mixed publicity and secrecy in reasonable proportions and were agreed to.

"The language question then had to be settled, and it was not easy, for the English did not want to speak Russian, and the Russians did not want to speak English, and neither the English nor the Russians could speak French very well. In consequence, a procedure with three stages was devised, according to which English or Russian would be spoken first, then a translation would be made into French, and then into English or Russian.

"There was then the difficulty of the jurists, which has not yet been settled. Admiral Fournier has more than once been compelled to say: 'Being in doubt, I am obliged to decide in favour of white hairs.' And so, just because he has a few white hairs on his head, Sir Edward Fry, the British lawyer, has already managed to win many a victory over Baron Taube, the young Russian.

"Notwithstanding all this, the play is not going on very well. Last Monday it nearly stopped going on at all, and everyone was in such an ill humour that Admiral Fournier asked what everyone would think if the great international suit came to nothing."

TRAGEDY OF THE PLAINS.

By the discovery of an old school medal has been revealed the fate of one of the many emigrants who mysteriously disappeared long ago on the plains of the Far West.

While traveling in the States some time ago Mr. H. Keighley Peach, of Stratford-on-Avon, had his attention called to a silver medal which had been taken from a Sioux in the State of Dakota.

On one side of the medal was an engraving of a beehive, with the motto "Learn of us"; on the reverse was an inscription:—

1860. Reward of Merit. Presented by the Trustees of the School on the Foundation of Sir John Cass, Knt., Sarah Hobbs, aged 13 years. In the 22nd year of the Reign of Queen Victoria.

Questioned as to how the medal had come into his possession, the old Indian said that many years ago he and other Indians captured a party of emigrants who were crossing the plains, from one of whom the medal was taken.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Yesterday was the sixth anniversary of the marriage of Madame Patti and Baron Cederström.

After much consideration the Army Council have decided that the system of rifle-shooting with both eyes open is not worth adopting.

Four million more words had been dealt with this year than last, said Sir John Wolfe Barry at yesterday's meeting of the Eastern Telegraph Company.

"DAILY MIRROR" IN THE CLASS-ROOM.

Photographs cut from the *Daily Mirror* have been handed round the class-room by the master at St. Paul's School, Walworth.

The pictures served to illustrate a lesson on Russia, and the scholars were greatly interested.

IRISH WOULD NOT DO.

A Gaelic Leaguer of Drumerry has been advised to have his name and address printed on his cart in English in future.

He had resorted to Irish characters, which the police failed to read. A magisterial Bench remitted a fine, but ordered English letters to be substituted.

SINGULAR COLLIERY ACCIDENT.

Five hundred workmen were idle all yesterday whilst repairs, necessitated by a singular accident at a coal-pit at Leigh, were being effected.

The cage-rope broke between the winding drum

The two days' sale of the late Mr. Edwin Hayes's pictures at Christie's realised over £2,000. "Messina" was bought for £120.

So far as the land portion is concerned the Board of Trade has confirmed the application for a light railway from Southend to Colchester.

Runaway railway wagons, dashing down hill towards Victoria Station, Manchester, yesterday, left the metals and completely blocked the lines on the north of the station.

WHERE ENGLAND LAGS BEHIND.

According to one of our county court Judges, England is the only civilised country where there is not an official register kept in which the names of firms are inscribed so that folks can learn who really are the people carrying on a business.

CONFERENCE OF THE BLIND.

Edinburgh purposes holding an international conference of the blind in June next in the Scottish capital.

A committee has already been appointed to prepare an exhibition of the products of the sightless workers.

WHAT FOXES COST THE COUNTRY.

Reckoning that there are 74,000 foxes in the various districts hunted by 370 packs of hounds in the United Kingdom, a correspondent estimates

BACK FROM THE TREASURE HUNT.



Earl Fitzwilliam, who arrived at Southampton yesterday with his party of treasure-hunters from Cocos Island.—(Photograph by Vandyk.)

and the headgear, and the cage, full of coal, fell to the bottom of the pit. Fortunately no one was hurt, and the men were drawn up by another cage.

BUTTERFLY'S AWAKENING.

"I send you a butterfly which was found here on Sunday, January 22," writes a Shoreham reader of the *Daily Mirror*. "It lived until Tuesday morning."

The species is quite a common one, and attention has been called to several similar discoveries in various parts of the country during the present winter.

GREAT INCREASE OF LUNACY.

Insanity is largely on the increase. Official statistics show that in the last fifty years the numbers of insane in Great Britain have more than trebled.

More lunatic asylums, and extensive enlargements of those already existing, have consequently been necessitated in England and Wales, Ireland and Scotland.

POINT MOTORISTS WANT DECIDED.

Motorists are anxious to have a little point at law definitely decided. It is this: May a motor owner allow the engine of his car to remain working while the car is standing still in a public thoroughfare?

A north of England gentleman summoned on this account was ordered to pay the costs of the prosecution.

LIVE MAN IN A COFFIN.

Imprisonment in a mortuary where a dead pauper lay in his coffin was no punishment to a recalcitrant inmate of a North Wales workhouse.

He coolly lifted the body out, propped it against the wall, and got into the coffin himself. When an attendant appeared with his food he made his appearance, to the consternation of the visitor.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal
Photographs in To-day's
"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

TO TERRORISE ST. PETERSBURG.

General Trepoif, of whom we give a portrait on page 1, is the latest force to be called in by the Grand Duke Vladimir to overawe the revolted people of St. Petersburg. He replaces General Foulon, who goes to Warsaw to fill a similar office to that he held at St. Petersburg. General Foulon was not considered to be sufficiently in favour of extreme measures, notwithstanding the severity of his rule, to be the man to deal with the present crisis in the capital; and the appointment of General Trepoif to succeed him is a grim earnest of the determination of the authorities to dragoon the people into submission and silence.

A creature of the Grand Duke Sergius, the newly-appointed Governor-General of St. Petersburg acted as Chief of Police in Moscow until a few days ago, when he resigned the position, as it was stated, to take up a command in Manchuria.

The unrelenting severity of his administration in Moscow, and the unnameable cruelties attending it, made him the object of such intense hatred that his assassination was attempted no fewer than six times in the course of a few months—the last attempt to shoot him having been made only a few days ago.

THE TSAR'S PORTRAIT.

The significance of the news that the Tsar's portrait is everywhere being spat upon and defaced by the infuriated people is not at first plain to a Western mind, but it can be better understood when it is remembered that pictures of the Tsar were held in Russia to be almost, if not quite, as sacred emblems as the crucifix itself, and played a prominent part in the popular national religion.

"Ikons," or sacred pictures—portraits of saints or of events in religious history—have always been held in peculiar reverence in the Greek Church, and the portrait of the Tsar took its place among the most hallowed of them, as may perhaps be realised by a reference to page 1, where a photograph of the "Little Father" blessing his troops with his own ikon is reproduced.

When, therefore, such a superstitious and reverent people as the uneducated classes in Russia suddenly turn upon symbols they have long held sacred in the manner reported it is easy to see what a tremendous upheaval in their idea of things has been wrought by the terrible events of the past few days.

A GROWING CONFLAGRATION.

The map and photographs on pages 8 and 9 graphically illustrate a how general the disturbance in Russia has become.

In places 1,000 miles apart the flames of revolution have broken out and are raging fiercely in the open, or smouldering under the iron heel of official repression. As is natural it is the great industrial centres which are chiefly affected.

The outbreak in the provinces is really more ominous in the problems it lays before the party of tyranny than the revolt in the capital, for, whereas in St. Petersburg the crack regiments of the Guards and Cossack Cossacks can be brought against the rioters, in the provincial cities the only armed guardians of Tsardom are regiments of reserves recruited from the neighbourhoods where they will be called upon to act. And it is too much to expect of even Russian human nature that a young reservist shall fire against those who were his friends before he donned a uniform.

ALMOST HUMAN

On page 9 we give a good portrait of Coco, the "human miracle ape," as he is described, who is to appear at the Palace Theatre, Shaftesbury-avenue.

This remarkably intelligent ape wears fashionable clothes, and dines and sleeps in quite civilised fashion, and not only does so, but is said to enjoy a life conferred by the human race. When taken to the theatre he evinces the greatest interest in the performance, and applauds the "turns" that appeal to him most by vigorously clapping his paws.

As part of his performance at the Palace Theatre he will dine with his trainer upon the stage. Seated at the table in correct evening dress, he receives the menu from the waiter, and selects an item here and there, proceeding to enjoy the dinner of his choice with a decorous gravity. The meal finished, he pays for it, takes his change, tips the waitress, and after donning a heavy coat makes his way out.

FOUR TIMES ICE CHAMPION.

Out of the eleven times there has been a race for the amateur skating championship since 1879, when the event was founded by the National Skating Association, Mr. A. E. Tebbit, whose portrait is given on page 9, has been victorious four times—in 1895, 1900, 1902, and in the race just held at Llandudno.

In gaining the championship for the fourth time he has achieved a record never equalled by either an amateur or professional.

NOTICE TO READERS.

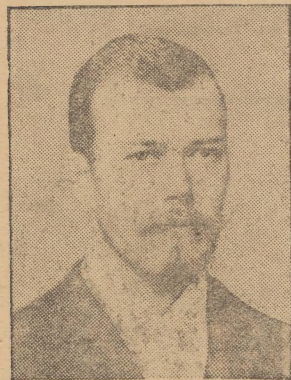
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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1905.

TSAR LOUIS XVI.

Admit omen!



Peace on his lying lips, and on his hands
 Blood, smiled and covered the tyrant, seeing
 afar
 His bondslaves perish and acclaim their Tsar.

Fly, coward, and cower, while time is thine
 to fly.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE,
 In the "Pall Mall Gazette."

THE LATEST MOVES.

THE two latest moves on the chequer-
 board of Life and Death, upon which
 the grim game of Freedom against
 despotism is being played, show that neither
 side has any intention as yet of giving way
 single inch.

The appointment of "Butcher Trepoff" to
 Governor of St. Petersburg, with the powers
 of a dictator and instructions to stamp out
 the revolutionary movement with an iron
 heel, has been answered at once. The advanced
 wing of the Reform Party, known as the
 "Terrorist" Society, has promptly com-
 mended the Tsar to death.

This may sound a grandiloquent way of
 saying that a number of little-known people,
 sitting in some obscure room, have declared
 that the Tsar must die. But there is a dread
 significance in their decision if we con-
 sider what they have done in the past. It was
 this society which carried out the "execution"
 of the Tsar Alexander II. in 1881. It was this
 society which assassinated Ministers of the
 Interior one after the other, which only last
 year blew M. de Plehve to pieces as he was
 riding through St. Petersburg.

Its members work as secretly and silently
 as some hidden force of Nature. They take
 their lives in their hands and suffer death
 without a murmur. Nothing may be heard
 of them for some time yet, but they will be
 working, planning, plotting, until the moment
 comes to strike.

It is quite possible that very little will be
 heard of any events in Russia now that
 General Trepoff has got into harness. On
 Monday the civil Ministers seem to have stood
 idle. They did not agree with the policy of
 slaughter. They washed their hands of it. The
 ordinary business of the Government offices
 has suspended. That probably explains why
 the Press Censor was not at work. Now that
 dictatorship is set up he will be busy again.
 It must not be supposed, therefore, that a
 scarcity of news will mean that nothing is
 happening.

It is difficult to imagine, indeed, that things
 can help happening. The simultaneous dis-
 turbances in various parts of the empire must
 have been the result of concerted action, and
 it is hardly likely that such a vast movement
 could have been begun unless there was a
 reasonable prospect of its being kept up.
 The leaders must have reckoned with such
 possibilities as that of Vladimir's Day, and
 been confident that their followers would not
 be easily discouraged.

"COULD YOU NOT BE AS BRAVE AS WE WERE?"



In his hiding-place the little Tsar sees in imagination the spirits of
 his massacred victims. "We suffered for our convictions," they seem to say to
 him. "You had not the courage of yours. Can a Tsar's spirit be more craven
 than a subject's?"

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

ONE of the Russian celebrities whom the
 crisis has brought to the front is Prince
 Galitzin, whom the municipal council of
 Moscow have just elected mayor. He is now
 extremely popular amongst the local reformers
 there. Nevertheless, like almost every other
 prominent Russian, he has made hosts of enemies.
 During his term of office as Governor-General
 of the Caucasus he acted under the advice of
 the formidable, steel-hearted M. de Plehve, who
 advised him to use the system of "thorough"
 with the discontented Armenians in his province.
 Prince Galitzin was firm with the Armenians, and
 they used the customary weapon of the oppressed
 in retaliation.

An attempt was made, in the October of 1903,
 to assassinate the Prince. He was driving with
 his wife outside Tiflis one evening. Three Armenians
 rushed at his carriage, and stabbed him with their
 daggers. He was severely wounded in the head
 and in the left hand. Meanwhile, the inevitable
 Cossacks appeared on the scene, and proceeded
 to dispatch the assassins. The Russian people,
 who felt, and still feel, assured that the Prince
 has their interests at heart, were furiously indignant
 at this incident.

It is a curious coincidence that at this moment,
 when the French Revolution, the prototype of the
 desperate events in Russia, is in all our minds,
 an appeal should be made for the great-grand-
 daughters of a man who played a familiar part in
 that great drama. The Marquis de Foulon was a
 very rich supporter of the ante-revolutionary
 regime. His origin was lowly. He had taken
 himself by knavery. "Known to be what they call
 a scoundrel," said Carlyle of him; "a man grown
 grey in treachery, in griping, projecting, in-
 triguing, and iniquity."

Already disliked and distrusted by the populace,
 he earned undying hatred by his cynical answer
 to someone who asked him how under his tax-
 ation scheme, people could feed themselves. "Let
 them eat grass," he replied. It was not forgotten.
 The time came when the wretched man's head was
 carried through Paris on a pike, the mouth stuffed
 with the grass he had recommended to his execu-
 tions. And now his descendants, English in all
 but name, are in sore want. Lady Constance
 Shaw-Lefevre will be glad to receive aid from sym-
 pathisers at Abbotsworthy House, near Winches-
 ter.

An ideal landlord appears to have been dis-
 covered at last in the person of Lord Dysart, who
 has proved his kindness of heart by remitting 10
 per cent. of their rent to his tenants, on account of
 the agricultural depression in Lincolnshire. Lord
 Dysart is immensely rich, and belongs to the old
 and very eccentric family of the Tollemaches. He
 himself is a man of unusual tastes and diversions,
 and delightfully unconventional. His main anxiety
 is about evening-dress at the opera. He cannot
 endure the ordinary evening-dress. Therefore he
 never goes to the opera, although devoted to music,
 in order not to have to wear it!

At Ham House, Richmond, his famous home,
 where the Cabal Ministry plotted against Charles
 II., he dresses for dinner in a pink coat, black
 tights, and black silk stockings. He also goes in
 for the Russian prelude to dinner—hors d'œuvre
 and liqueurs are served in the hall, before his
 guests enter the dining-room at all. He has also
 an enthusiasm, which sometimes leads him into
 indiscretion, for homeopathic drugs, and he is
 perpetually offering them to his friends. He is
 nearly blind, but has seen most of the world
 already. In America he astounded and delighted
 interviewers by informing them that he did not
 "care tuppence for the House of Lords."

His grandfather was more eccentric still. He
 lived as a hermit in an old house in Norfolk-street,
 and no one was allowed to approach him. His
 meals were thrust to him through a hole in the
 wall, and he spent his lonely days in committing
 his title deeds and other business papers to
 memory. The grandson of the seventh Earl, the
 Rev. Ralph Tollemache, was a rector in Leices-
 tershire. He amazed his congregations by loudly blowing
 a whistle whenever he desired to draw atten-
 tion to any statement in his sermons. He also gave
 them information from the pulpit every Sunday as
 to the health of his little mare.

"The family" was very much in evidence at His
 Majesty's first night. In the stage-box on the
 "prompt side" of the stage were Mrs. Tree and
 her little girls. Above them were Miss Winifred
 Emery's children, who were joined at the very end
 by their father, Mr. Cyril Maude, from the Hay-
 market, over the way. With them sat a hospital
 nurse in her trim professional costume—evidently
 the lady who nursed Mrs. Maude through her
 severe illness. It was a pretty thought to ask her
 to see her patient's triumphant return to the stage.

ST. PETERSBURG'S

NEW TYRANT.

General Trepoff, Who Has Absolute
 Power to Suppress the Rising.

ST. PETERSBURG is under the heel of an
 absolute tyrant. Vladimir was bad
 enough, but now General Trepoff has
 been created Governor-General with the most abso-
 lute power. He has been chosen for the post
 because he is the most violent reactionary in
 Russia, because his hand has always been like iron
 upon the slightest manifestation of popular
 opinion, because he is fearless of the people's
 power and has the profoundest contempt for all
 they may do.

Six times the people of Moscow, over whom he
 has acted the tyrant as Chief of Police to the Arch-
 Duke Serge, have tried to assassinate him—the last
 time only a few days ago—he has twice been
 stabbed, and four times shot at—one attempt being
 made by a young girl who bore an English name,
 Miss Allard.

Now, by special edict, he is to exercise his
 particular talents of terrorism in St. Petersburg
 without restraint. He is answerable only to Vlad-
 mir, and Vladimir will not restrain him in the work
 for which he has chosen him.

This special edict, published in the name of the
 Tsar, is divided into nine clauses. The first
 creates the post of Governor-General, the other
 eight are devoted to placing every department of
 the city's organisation in his hands.

THE POWERS GIVEN HIM.

All local authorities and all educational authori-
 ties are subject to him. The censorship is in his
 hands. He may make new regulations "for the
 maintenance of tranquillity and public order," and
 may inflict the penalties for the infringement of
 them. He may use the military with the same
 freedom that he does the police. The railways are
 under his jurisdiction. All Government factories
 and workshops are subordinate to him. He takes
 over the powers of the Home Minister in matters
 relating to communal authorities and Zemstvos. He
 can exile any individuals from the territory under
 his jurisdiction.

In other words, he is absolute. He makes his
 own laws and enforces them himself. He is a
 military dictator.

He has not come direct from Moscow. He
 resigned his position there two days before the last
 attempt on his life was made. He has been in the
 announced intention of going to the front, and on
 taking leave he referred to his escape with a laugh.
 "Since I must be shot at, I prefer to be a target
 for professional Japanese soldiers rather than for
 dirty amateurs in Moscow," was all he said.

But he has not had far to go to reach the scene
 of bloodshed. He will find as much bloodshed
 as even he can want in St. Petersburg.

It would be hard to imagine a man of more auto-
 cratic and tyrannical character, as one short story
 of his behaviour in Moscow shows.

HIS TREATMENT OF CRITICISM.

One day he was driving briskly along the muddy
 streets, splashing the passers-by. One of these,
 a gentleman, accompanied by a lady, opened his
 umbrella to protect his clothing, and called out,
 "Not so fast." The General angrily ordered his
 critic to be arrested.

The sequel of the story is not what one would
 expect, for the arrested man proved to be a high
 official, and General Trepoff found it advisable to
 apply for temporary leave of absence; but that does
 not alter the fact as to his behaviour in having a
 man arrested for objecting to being splashed with
 mud in the public streets.

He is one of the Tsar's favourite officers, and his
 Imperial master has said of him, "He is the man I
 can depend upon."

He is known among his troops by the nickname
 of "Iron Heart." His first notoriety was gained
 when a lieutenant by sabring his orderly for dis-
 obedience. When a captain he was employed in
 putting down riots in Moscow, and, according to a
 French newspaper, he shot five men with his own
 revolver.

The first thing he has done after taking up his
 duties in St. Petersburg has been to convene a
 meeting of all the chiefs of police and all the com-
 manding officers of military units and inform them
 that he intended to act with extreme energy.
 What is meant by Trepoff's "extreme energy"
 is a matter for imagination alone. Even Russia
 has not experienced such a thing yet, though it
 has suffered much.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

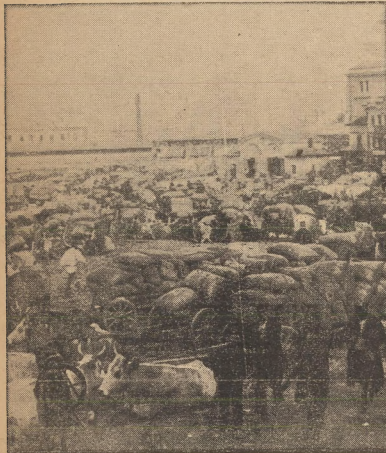
JANUARY 26.—Here are the snowdrops again!
 With their heads modestly bent to the ground,
 hundreds have opened their eyes in my garden
 already. Snowdrops, although known as the "fair
 maids of February," seldom fail to start blooming
 this month in mild seasons.

What wonderful flowers they are! Crocuses,
 scillas, etc., require the first warmth of the sun to
 wake them from their sleep. These modest flowers
 only ask for a temperature above freezing.

Like many spring bulbs, snowdrops should be
 planted as early in the autumn as possible, and
 never flower better than when left alone for years.
 We have only to look into their beautiful faces to
 realise that we have made a mistake in growing so
 few of them.
 E. F. T.

Photographs of the Provincial Centres of the Revolution

RISINGS IN THE PROVINCES.



A scene near the docks at Odessa, in Southern Russia, where the popular ferment is increasing with alarming rapidity.—(Copyright, Underwood and Underwood.)



View of Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, where the workers have marched through the town, carrying revolutionary emblems.— (Copyright, Underwood and Underwood.)

WARSAW JOINING THE STRIKERS.



Market Place, Warsaw, where the strike is growing hourly. Great agitation prevails at this place, and an outbreak on an elaborately concerted plan is expected to occur at any moment.

ST. PETERSBURG'S DETHRONED PREFECT.



General Foulon, who has been removed from his post as Prefect of St. Petersburg, to make way for the iron-fisted Trepoff. General Foulon has been appointed Chief of Police at Warsaw.

TSARSKOE SELO.



This is the largest of the Imperial Palaces, and it is here that the Tsar is believed to be in hiding. A large number of strikers marching here from Kolpino were relentlessly shot down.

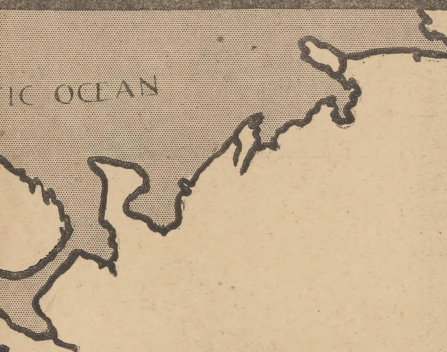
MAP SHOWING THE SPREAD OF



The unrest and agitation in Russia are spreading rapidly to continuous demonstrations are being made in the streets. Military and police are patrolling the streets dispersing the crowd has joined the strikers. Warsaw, Kovno, Vilna, Kishineff, a denotes the area affected by the rising. A portrait of

in Russia.

THE REVOLT TO THE PROVINCES.



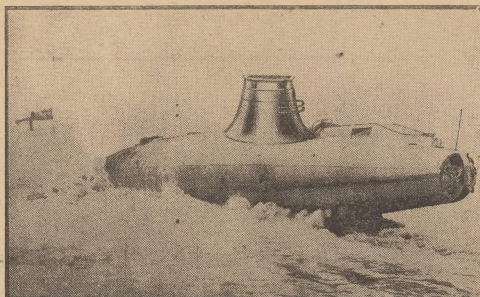
harkoff



inces. At Moscow, where the strikers are increasing by thousands, of Radom, in Russian Poland, is in a state of siege, and the volleys. Lodz, which is the Manchester of the Russian Empire, off have likewise caught the flame of revolt. The shading r in national costume appears on the right of the map.

The Day's News in Photographs.

LATEST BRITISH SUBMARINE.



This vessel, which has just been launched at Barrow, is the latest addition to the British Navy. It is a submarine boat of the newest type, and built on the most up-to-date principles.—(Howarth, Barrow.)

SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP.



Mr. A. E. Tebbit, who has just won the amateur skating championship at Lingay Fen for the fourth time.—(Stearn.)

REHEARSING FOR THE GREAT REVIVAL IN LONDON.



Choir of 3,000 voices rehearsing at the Albert Hall for the great revival meetings which are to be conducted in London early next month by Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander.

COCO, THE HUMAN MIRACLE-MONKEY, ON A MOTOR-CAR.



Coco, who is to appear at the Palace Theatre on Monday next, displays feats of almost human intelligence. He wears fashionable clothes, attends the theatre just like an ordinary human being, and applauds the performers by gaily clapping his paws. This photograph shows him enjoying a motor-car drive with Captain Arthur Hill, M.P., yesterday morning.—(Daily Mirror copyright.)

AS IT WAS IN FRANCE IN 1789.

Striking Parallels Between the
French and Russian

Revolutions.

LOUIS AND NICHOLAS.

France had her revolution at the end of the eighteenth century. Russia begins hers with the twentieth century. Everyone is saying that a remarkable parallel may be traced between the two countries, their rulers, Ministers, revolutionary leaders, and the causes leading to the French and Russian revolutions. This is perfectly true.

France, before the revolution, was divided into two main classes, as Russia is to-day—the nobles and the peasantry. Its Church was wealthy and self-governed with an income of £8,750,000. Russia's Church, too, has enormous revenues wrung from the people, and reserve funds big enough to wipe off the cost of the war.

France groaned under taxes, many imposed and maintained for the sake of giving office to middlemen, who farmed them from the Government. Bureaucrats of the same type live on the Russian people to-day.

"STOP THE WAR."

The forced labour (corvée) of pre-revolutionary France is paralleled by conscription and the compulsory calling up of the peasant reservists for the Manchurian army. "Stop the corvée" was a revolutionary cry in France, as "Stop the war" is in Russia to-day, and for the same reason.

On the death of Louis XV. in 1774 the hopes of a down-trodden, nobility-ridden, starving peasantry centred in Louis XVI., who was young and known to be seeking the welfare of the nation.

When Nicholas II. became Tsar the same hopes of amelioration were entertained by the people of Russia.

Louis made Turgot his Minister of Finance and the Interior, a man who aimed at ameliorating the condition of the people, who wished to set labour and industry free. His proposals for reform were violently opposed by the clergy and the bureaucratic officials and farmers of taxes. Reform is opposed in Russia to-day by the same classes. In M. Muraviev the Tsar had his Turgot.

Louis XVI., an historian of the Revolution has said, "well-intentioned, conscientious, and sincerely desirous of ruling for the good of his subjects," but "without self-confidence, irresolute in action, could not rule his Court, simple in tastes, shy, and reserved."

Nicholas II. might be described in the same terms.

The only person in whom Louis reposed confidence was his wife, Marie Antoinette. Bright,

vivacious, ignorant, and thoughtless, she persuaded Louis to dismiss Turgot. Nicholas has the same belief in the Tsaritsa. Louis's hopes centred in the infant Dauphin, the Tsar's now centre in the tiny Tsarevitch.

Revolution was hastened in France by the war with England in 1778 increasing the burden of taxation. Necker, the Genevoise banker, who succeeded Turgot, raised enormous loans to meet the war cost, as the Tsar's Finance Ministers have done.

M. KOROLENKO.



Editor of the "Ruskoje Bogatstvo," a monthly review, whose co-editors, M. Peshechornoff and M. Annensky, the well-known writers, have just been arrested. It was through M. Korolenko that Maxim Gorky's works were first given to the world.

These loans were subscribed by men who feared lest the stability of France and their own investments would be imperilled by the lack of public funds. France is bolstering up Russian credit to-day for the same reason.

Necker resigned in 1781, and returned when the country was on the verge of insurrection in 1789 to save it from bankruptcy.

On his advice Louis summoned the States-General in 1789 as Nicholas summoned the Zemstvos. The third estate—the people—were represented by 600 delegates, the clergy by 300, and the nobility by 300.

Here the parallel ceases for a moment. Nicholas, on the advice of his Ministers, refused to allow delegates from the Zemstvos (local councils) to meet and discuss in public their programme of reform.

Had the Zemstvos discussed, a Mirabeau might have arisen among them, and a demand for a constitution would have followed, as it did in 1789.

Russian history has jumped the gap. There has been no meeting of the Third Estate, as yet; no oath in the tennis-court "never to separate till a constitution was obtained."

The demand for a constitution has, however, been

made by Father Gapon and his strikers, and it has been followed—as it was in Paris—by a cavalry-charge.

When Camille Desmoulins donned the green cockade in the gardens of the Palais Royal and led a procession carrying the bust of Necker, his demonstrations were charged by the German cavalry, the Cossacks of that day. Then, too, barricades were erected, pikes made, gunsmiths' shops pilaged.

Again the parallel breaks, for 3,600 French Guards went over to the people, and their guns took the Bastille. Had the infantry which guarded the Winter Palace taken their arms to the strikers, instead of merely refusing to shoot, St. Petersburg's Bastille, the citadel of Peter and Paul, would have fallen ere this.

Louis hid at Versailles as Nicholas in the Summer Palace. There in a few days he was in Paris fixing a cockade in his hat, while half the crowd cried, "Vive le Roi" and the other half "Vive la Nation."

Though Louis yielded and Nicholas is not allowed to yield, events in Russia are following the same course as those of revolutionary France.

Will the parallel continue?

WHAT THE WORLD SAYS.

Man and Dog.

The good hound, unlike the good man, is faultless, and every huntsman will tell you of hounds that never do wrong.—"Blackwood's."

Age in Different Nations.

Of European nations the Norwegians and Swedish are the longest lived and the Spaniards the shortest.—"North American" (Philadelphia).

Soldiers from Birth.

The Cossack never passes beyond the control of the military authorities. From infancy he practices horsemanship, and his games are mimicry of war. Folk-songs reciting the exploits of recent or far-distant heroes are the woo of his education.—"Bristol Guardian."

A Lesson from Japan.

The Japanese have taught the whole world that the proper use of water and a simple diet will produce the healthiest race of people. Much of the beneficial effect of water depends upon the time it is taken into the system. Experience has proven that the proper time to use water liberally is between meal-times. Too much taken with meals dilutes the gastric juice.—"Boston Globe."

French Amenity.

M. Rouvier's undertaking reminds one of the rancid remains of some old stew which has been simmering in the pots of the Parliamentary parties since the days when the Ministerial crisis was first expected. Everybody has contributed his portion: some bread and butter, some fish-bones, others sauce. Now it only remains to swallow down this comforting mixture at one gulp.—M. Clemenceau, in the "Aurore."

The Daily Mirror has received a postal order for 20s. from "Paddy," for Mrs. Holden, who was so nearly buried alive at Accrington.

an answering inclination of her dark head. But then, one of those trifling, meaningless little things happened that have often turned the fate of human beings, sometimes, even of nations.

Joan moved away perhaps too precipitately; anyhow her foot slipped. She lost her balance, and would have fallen, but the stranger was beside her in a moment, and had gripped her arm and put her safely on her feet again.

Then their eyes met, and a long, long look passed between them. Joan's conventional words of thanks died on her lips; she felt a great wave of blood rush to her head and crimson her cheeks; and then she grew very pale. And all the time the stranger still held her arm.

He released it very gently. But the thing was done. They could no longer part without saying more; they had looked into each other's eyes, and found something that prevented their ever being strangers any more.

"I am sure we are meant to be friends," said the man. "You are not angry with me, are you? You know, your eyes are the bluest in the world. Don't you think you would let me be your friend?"

For a moment the girl did not speak. She was looking straight into his eyes, like one hypnotised; it seemed as if she could not take her glance from his face. She remained very pale. There was a child's blank, uncomprehending appeal in her eyes, and yet forces that had no right to do with childhood were stirring within her. She did not understand, she did not know why she felt so strange, why she was frightened, puzzled, pleased, all at the same time. When at last she spoke, it seemed to her that the words were put into her mouth from outside.

"I think," she faltered, "that I should like you to be."

"That's right," he said. His voice was pleasant and friendly, and she wondered why she had been

alarmed. "You're like a fairy princess," he went on. "Such a straight, tall girl, and your eyes are perfect wells of truth. I'm sure no one would dare to tell you a lie."

"Why should they?" she asked simply. "Why, indeed? I have an idea—we must live up to our meeting. We will pretend that we live in fairy-land."

"I'm not good at pretending," said Joan soberly. "You must try—I will teach you. It will be charming, delightful. One has so many ordinary friends." His voice was full of magnetism, the buoyancy, the charm of it carried her away. She smiled like a child, radiantly, without a thought.

"It sounds impossible," she said. "There is no such word in fairy-land," he assured her. "Now, you are the Princess Blue Eyes—that is what I shall call you. And I—I am a poor wandering knight. I don't look much like one, do I?"

She looked at him gravely. "Not now," she said, "but if you had armour on I think your face would do."

"Wou'd it, Blue Eyes?" he asked rather gravely. "Well, who is your favourite knight?"

"Sir Galahad," she answered without hesitation. A strange little smile, rather sad, and very tender, crept about the corners of the man's mouth.

"I'm afraid," he began, and then checked himself. "No, I don't think I'll be a knight, after all. I'll just be an ordinary mortal; and you shall call me by my name."

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Anthony," he said, and hesitated.

"Mr. Anthony?"

"Yes; Mr. Anthony."

"Well, I don't think I'll be a fairy princess either," said Joan, with a smile. "I'll be myself, too. My name—"

But the man held up his hand warningly. "You are the Princess Blue Eyes," he said. "I insist. You mustn't spoil everything. We have met in fairy-land. We don't know anything about each other in the workaday world. I don't know your name; you don't know whether I live here or

(Continued on page 11.)



To H.M. THE KING.

THE POPULAR

SCOTCH
IS
"BLACK & WHITE"
WHISKY.



To H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

We want you to prove the marvellous healing powers of Magic Foot Drafts for yourself. So that you can do this without risking even a penny, we will send you

4/6 WORTH FREE
If you send us your name and address and are a sufferer from that horrible plague

RHEUMATISM

We are anxious for every sufferer to know of these wonderful Drafts, for they have cured thousands—they will cure YOU. We never refuse any case—we guarantee to cure.

Magic Foot Drafts have cured cases of over thirty years' standing. Some of our cured patients once kept to their beds for years, others used crutches for a long time, but now they are permanently cured. Why not you, too?



Mr. STEPHEN COOPER.
(From a Photo.)

Just read this letter from one of our patients:—
13, Gardens Terrace,
Courtney Street,
Houlderness Rd.,
Hull.
Dear Sirs,—I beg to inform you that the Magic Foot Drafts have done me a wonderful amount of good, so that I have been able to throw away my stick. I shall be 81 years of age on St. Stephen's Day, and I am proud to say that there is not anyone in better health than I.—Yours truly,
STEPHEN COOPER.

All we ask you to do is to send us your name and address—no money, no stamps, and by return post we will send you 4/6 worth of these wonderful MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS ABSOLUTELY FREE. When we say FREE we mean it. Send to-day.—MAGIC FOOT DRAFT CO., A. 20, Victoria Chambers, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.



"WHAT SETS THE BABY ON ITS LEGS,

RIDGE

AND MAKES ITS LIMBS SO STRONG?

RIDGE

Why, **RIDGE'S FOOD**, the MOTHER'S FRIEND,

RIDGE

SOON MAKES IT **PUSH ALONG.**"

6/- SEWING MACHINE. 6/-

Patented.
Patronized by H.M. the Emperor Alexander of Russia.

This machine does work which will bear comparison with that of other machines costing higher prices. Its features include:—its great speed, its improved stitch regulator, etc. It works at great speed. It is a complete machine, and therefore no experience is required. It works fine and course materials equally as well. Sent in wooden box, carriage paid, for 6/6; two for 12/6. Extra postage for foreign orders. Write for Press Opinions and Testimonials, or call and see the machine at work. Address—

SEWING MACHINE CO., R Dept.,
22 & 23, Brook Street, Holborn, London, E.C.

A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON
and HEATH HOSKEN.

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

A story of tragic irony and of the "eternal triangle"—two men and one woman.

Vanna Tempest was loved by one, Anthony Heron, a rich financier, and her husband, Dick Tempest, learning of the new love and being the most unselfish of mortals, committed suicide to clear the path for a new wedding. Anthony Heron, the lover, shocked by the tragedy, recoils, and abandons Vanna Tempest. He persuades a worldly-minded woman, Lady Betty Somerville, to break the news to Vanna, and offer her £2,000 a year as a consolation.

Vanna Tempest's heart is broken. She lives abroad for three years, and we see her again in Paris with her daughter, Joan, now seventeen. The woman thinks she has crushed her love for Heron, but cannot forget.

At the present point of the story she is concerned with the marriage of her daughter to the Duke of St. Peter's; but Joan is quite unaffected by the exalted social position of the young man.

Joan's chum in Paris is the Hon. Billy Charteris, but one day in a picture gallery she makes the acquaintance of an Englishman, whose personal charm compels her admiration. His smile was charmingly boyish, although he was not a boy. He was unmistakably a gentleman, and very good to look at. He had a fine, strong face, with something youthful and open in his expression that immediately won the girl's confidence. He was dark and clean-shaven, well-dressed, and well-groomed; but, above all, he looked strong.

There was one thing that she could not know, and that would have said nothing to her if she had known it, and that was that his name was Anthony Heron.

CHAPTER XVII.

"... Such stuff as dreams are made on."

Heron bowed with grave politeness and turned away. Joan turned in the opposite direction, with

WAS STOESEL REALLY A HERO?

Famous Journalist Replies with an
Emphatic "No."

AMAZING DISCLOSURES.

Surrender of Port Arthur "Most Discredit-
able" in the Annals of the World.

Dr. C. E. Morrison, the Pekin correspondent of the "Times," is one of the most level-headed of men as well as an extremely able and enterprising journalist. When he declares, as he did yesterday, that no more "discreditable surrender" than that of Port Arthur has ever been recorded in history, his opinion naturally creates a good deal of excitement.

Everywhere yesterday his remarkable dispatch was the topic of animated talk. The touching telegrams which Stoessel sent the Tsar about the garrison's miseries and their inability to hold out appear to have been the efforts of a vivid imagination. Here are some typical extracts from them, with Dr. Morrison's statements placed alongside:—

GENERAL STOESEL.
Dec. 28.—There only remain a few potatoes, which have not been attacked by disease.

We cannot reply to the Japanese fear for want of ammunition.
Dec. 29.—We have hardly any ammunition left.

The tale of losses of officers shows the enormous losses we have sustained.

I have now 10,000 men under arms. They are all ill.

Jan. 1.—The men are reduced to shadows.
Jan. 2.—I have 20,000 men in hospital, without medicine, proper food, or attendance.

Here is a tabulated statement of what Dr. Morrison saw with his own eyes when he was conducted over the fortress by the Japanese:—

MEN.—25,000 still effective.
AMMUNITION.—Large quantities remained.
FOOD.—Ample for three months. 6,000 tons of flour untouched. 2,000 horses in fairly good condition. Many private stores full of provisions.
CLOTHING.—The troops were well-clad, with an abundance of warm clothing.
FIKING.—70,000 tons of coal in the dockyards; stacks near the railway, and much in private houses.
BUILDINGS.—No damage inflicted on any of the large buildings. New town practically uninjured.

Furthermore, Dr. Morrison declares that nearly all the sunk ships in the harbour were sunk by their own officers, although "they had men, food, ammunition, guns, and sufficient steam coal to take them back to Russia."

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

in Timbuctoo. We are going to meet for the sole purpose of exploring fairy-land."

"Where is that?" she asked in her direct way.

"Why, all around us, of course. I will show it to you. But you must forget it as soon as we part, you know. You must forget me, too."

"Mustn't I say anything about you to mother?" she asked.

The man gave her a quick look; but she had put the question in all good faith.

"Of course not!" he cried. "Fairies have no mothers, and I don't exist."

"I think it would be awful fun," said Joan frankly. "But I couldn't do it without telling mother. You see, it would mean telling so many lies. If you don't exist, how could we be friends?"

"Oh, Blue Eyes," exclaimed the man reproachfully, "I can't believe you are a fairy princess at all!"

"I'm sure I'm not," the girl replied stoutly.

"And now I must be getting back," she held out her hand with a boyish frankness.

"I think, all the same," he whispered, "that you will one day come to fairyland."

She withdrew her hand with a jerk.

"Good-bye, Mr. Anthony."

"Not good-bye, Blue Eyes. There is no such word in fairyland."

Joan walked quickly out of the museum.

When she got home Vanna was writing letters, and looked exceedingly put out.

"You really must stop this sort of thing, Joan," she said, with some asperity: "Billy Charters again, I suppose."

"We went for a walk," said the girl.

"I am far too lenient with you," Vanna went on. "You are of no earthly use to me. You must

THE TSAR AND THE PROPHETS.

Gloomy Predictions Verified and Others
Put Forward—A Mysterious
Sealed Envelope.

The modern prophets, with one accord, are all proclaiming to-day that they foresaw and predicted the Russian revolution. Many of them did so in vague and indefinite terms, but in some cases the prophecies are surprisingly accurate.

"Zadkiel," for instance, dealing with Russia, said:—

"At St. Petersburg Mars is in the ninth house, with Mercury in the ascendant, which pre-figures disasters on land and sea, and widespread discontent amongst the people. Conspiracy against the rulers will be difficult indeed to suppress. The Tsar will be in danger from secret foes, when on a journey probably, and his projects in Europe, as well as in Asia, will fail. Russian securities will drop, and railway stocks will decline seriously. The conjunction of the Sun with Uranus is ominous for autocracy."

"Destiny," an organ of the science of the stars, cast the horoscope of the Tsar thus:—

"What will be the result of the present conflict—can he hope to win? Not! The portraits are ominous. Defeat and humiliation, internal struggle, dismemberment and downfall, and then peace—a peace which the world cannot enjoy for ever can take away—the peace and silence of the grave."

"Old Moore," for January, was not quite so successful. "The positions of Saturn and Mars," he wrote, "tend to cause turmoil in the East of Europe, probably Turkey and the Balkan States; but Russia is fortunately denoted."

A SPIRIT WARNING.

"Old Moore's" hieroglyphic comes nearer the mark. In the picture of the year, the sorry bear, full of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, shows what Russia not only has gone through, but what may still be in store for her in the near future. In the background the brazier is ominous, pointing to troubled and dissatisfied spirits.

Forty years ago have often predicted evil for the Tsar. During a visit to England he consulted a well-known Bond-street seer. War, declared the clairvoyant, would be fatal to his happiness. From a prophetic in Paris his Majesty learnt that the birth of a son would be an evil presage for Russia.

A fortnight before "Red Sunday" the Tsar's fate was disclosed at a spiritualistic seance.

The exact date was given, and has since been placed in a sealed envelope, in order that the prophecy may be authenticated if the Tsar's death should take place at the stated time.

The most remarkable of all predictions was that by Mr. Heald. On January 3 Mr. Heald said that early in the present year internal dissension would occur in Russia, which would mean, before the end of 1905, the death-blow to Russian autocracy. Yesterday Mr. Heald made a further prediction for the *Daily Mirror*, dealing especially with the revolution and the personalities of the Tsar.

"The House of the Future," said Mr. Heald, "will spread and will favour the people, and not the Government, in its ultimate result. I declare emphatically that by January 1, 1906, Nicholas II. will no longer be Tsar of Russia."

really remember that you are grown up, and that you've got duties to perform. And as long of them is to help me entertain people. I didn't get back till five this afternoon, and quite a dozen came in. I'm tired to death."

"I'm sorry, mother," answered Joan. "I didn't know you cared about my being here, and I'm sure your friends don't care about me."

"Your friends came on purpose to see you—the Duke of St. Peter's."

"How was I to know, mother?"

Joan felt tears start to her eyes. She never cried, but she could not understand herself to-day. She felt miserable, she felt alone. Her mother had her own life, her own friends; even Billy had his brothers, his home—she was alone and a slave to one since her father was dead. She looked at the slim, chic, beautiful woman in white cloth and ermine, with her smart hat of purple roses and her lovely, bored face, and realised with sudden bitterness that Vanna had never been a mother to her, any more than the prim, ordered elegance of this, her own room could be a home to her.

"Anyway," said Vanna, returning to her letters, "the Duke wants us to dine with him and go to a theatre to-night. I accepted. He is bringing another man to make a fourth, a Captain Maynard, a cousin of his."

"I can't go to home, mother," said Joan eagerly. "I don't want to see him."

"Don't be absurd!" retorted Vanna, with a laugh, the meaning of which was entirely lost on Joan. "It's past six already. Go and dress, child. Wear your white with the big lace collar."

Vanna was really fond of the girl, and she really had a good heart. She was by no means a vulgar fortune-hunter, and she was the last person in the world to belittle the importance of the part that love should play in the institution of matrimony.

At the same time she would have been infinitely glad if Joan made an early and brilliant marriage, simply because she and her daughter were two people of uncongenial natures, who were in the ordinary course bound to live together, until her death or the girl's marriage broke the bond. There-

THE MEN WHOM TREPOFF FEARS.

Personalities of the Reformers Now
Imprisoned in a Fortress.

WHAT IS THEIR FATE?

The authorities in St. Petersburg have made up their minds. They have a policy at last.

In Russia, all who can make themselves heard are to be arrested. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that they are to disappear. In the old days, before this struggle began, a suspected person received a sealed note at night, and by the morning had left for Siberia. Now anybody who is disapproved of will, under the rule of General Trepoft, simply disappear.

M. Hessen disappeared first. As the acknowledged leader of the Liberal Press, he was bound to go. At four o'clock in the morning he was suddenly aroused and hurried from his house. No questions were asked or answered. He disappeared behind the walls of the gloomy fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Russian Bastille, the Russian Inferno, where those who enter lose hope, and are often heard of no more. This unapproachable fortress, washed by the dark waters of the Neva, never tells its secrets.

MEN OF LIGHT AND LEADING.

Professor Kareyeff, scholar and thinker, a man of erudition and peace, was seized soon after M. Hessen.

He had been ill, and was quite unable to take part in the "sedition," as the Grand Dukes euphemistically called the revolution. But for the present he has ceased to exist.

M. Peshechonioff, a writer and journalist, is also enduring the sullen peace of those unfathomable dungeons. So is Professor Miskotin, a lecturer, who has been in a seclusion of his own circles. So is Semefsky, the historian, and M. Hedrin, the municipal reformer and writer, both of whom attended the deputation which waited upon Prince Mirsky and M. Witte on Saturday night.

And Gorky? What about the enfant terrible of the movement, who has waited for it hungrily all through his suffering youth? He has a certain name come about his arrest. It has been announced; it has been contradicted. All is doubt.

FROM SCULLERY-BOY TO AUTHOR.

Gorky is the only man of all those marked for the Fortress who has a definitely European reputation. "Gorky" is the fitting "name of war," which he has chosen instead of his real name of Pleshkov, for Gorky is the Russian for "bitter," and this fevered, harassed man has drunk deep of bitterness.

He is still only thirty-seven. But into thirty-seven years he has crammed the experience of several centuries. He has been successively a clerk, a peddler, a scullery-boy, a gardener, a railway watchman, a baker's apprentice. And in the intervals of all that he has been a writer, the most powerful of living realists, and a vagabond.

fore it angered her to see Joan paying so little heed to the young Duke's already marked attentions and she determined, if necessary, to give Billy Charters a plain hint.

Joan had been out very little in Paris, never to such an evening's entertainment as this. She did not care about it very much. They dined in the Rue de la Harpe, where a tragedy of Racine's was being played.

The Duke and she chatted in the intervals. Joan found her first good impression of him confirmed.

That night Joan slept uneasily, and her dreams were jumbled and chaotic, and all about the two invitations she had received that day—the Duke's to French cook, and the Duke's to speak.

Two days later the Duke of St. Peter's called again in the afternoon, and found Vanna alone.

"Mrs. Tempest," he said, after a few preliminaries about the weather. "I want to marry your daughter."

Vanna smiled.

"But you have only seen her twice."

"She is not so different from me. I always knew I should know the woman I want to marry directly I saw her. I don't know whether it is being in France that made me come and tell you first," he went on, with an embarrassed little laugh.

"It was very nice of you," said Vanna, more gently than he was for want to speak. "Joan is a perfect child. You have astonished me. You would probably have alarmed her if you had spoken to her."

"Then you will help me?" he asked eagerly. "I will never urge her to marry a man she does not love," said Vanna with sudden deep gravity.

"A shadow crossed Vanna's face, and then a smile. "We hardly know each other. You and Joan must learn to know each other better before we say any more about it."

"That is where you can help me, Mrs. Tempest," he assured her. "You will bring her to England, to stay with my sister, won't you?"

"A shadow crossed Vanna's face, and then a strange light leaped into her eyes.

"Yes, I will bring her to England," she said.

"And I will send for her now."

LAST NIGHT'S ITEMS.

Lurid Light on the Russian Situation
from Many Sources.

A BLACK OUTLOOK.

Numbers of well-to-do are stealthily taking their valuables to the banks.

Trains arriving at Berlin contain many rich refugees from St. Petersburg.

When men and women leave their houses they never know whether they will return.

A young lady who went about collecting money for the hungering workmen was denounced and arrested.

Attacks on the railway line are frequent. Many wealthy officials are hurriedly leaving the city while the trains are still running.

The resources of the strikers are very limited. Few sections of the Workmen's Society have more than about £1,000 in hand.

The black tracks of the clotted blood of the Vladimir's Day victims are guarded by the people and not allowed to be trodden away.

Neither M. de Witte nor Prince Svyatopolk Mirsky has had any hand or part in the massacres, which they both sincerely deplore as blunders and crimes.

Soldiers who are off duty maltreat unoffending citizens and officers who are staying in hotels dine in private rooms for fear of hostile demonstrations.

The central revolutionary committee in St. Petersburg has recalled revolutionary leaders from Geneva to organise the workmen of St. Petersburg and to lead the revolution.

The question all who sympathise with the revolution ask each other under their breath is:—"Have they attacked the arsenal yet?" Arms are the great need of the revolutionists.

All who can afford it are buying up provisions so as to be prepared for whatever may happen. Everything has gone up in price. Petroleum advanced yesterday from 9d. to 2s. 3d. a pound.

The Paris "Gaulois," a Royalist paper, excuses the massacre. It was the only method, it says, by which the Tsar could preserve his authority against the strikers' threats.

In the Italian Chamber of Deputies Signor Mirabelli stood up and expressed his sympathy with the Russians who were fighting against "the autocrat and the assassin."

"White terror has reigned for three days," said a well-known Russian yesterday. "It may last for three weeks. But no Government can go on for ever against the will of the nation."

Many thousand copies of Father Gapon's petition to the Tsar have found their way into the hands of the people of Odessa, and are being passed on clandestinely from reader to reader.

Moscow has 70,000 skilled operatives within the town and another 50,000 in the environs. These numbers will be swelled by the vast proletariat of unskilled labour if the strikes spread as expected.

She touched a bell, and told the servant to ask Miss Joan to come to the boudoir, but it appeared that the girl was not in the house.

At that moment Joan was walking swiftly down the Rue de Rivoli. She had gone for a very long walk, and her sole companion had been that new sense of utter loneliness that oppressed her. Billy and his brother were doing Paris. She had no other friends. And all the time, although she hardly knew it, there went with her the memory of a dark, strong face, and the steady, compelling gaze of a pair of fine, dark eyes, and the sound of a magnetic voice, speaking half in mockery and half in earnest.

And it was because of that memory that she felt so lonely, herself impatiently, impatiently, and she felt it to be ridiculous. To feel lonely because she had once met a man in the Louvre, who had talked fantastic nonsense, and whom she would never see again.

She looked up and saw that she was just opposite the entrance to the courtyard of the Louvre. She shook her head impatiently.

"I believe I must be getting what people call morbid," she said half aloud. "I suppose mother's right—I live too much alone. It's absurd. I believe it's Paris. Such things wouldn't happen in England. Fancy a strange man meeting you and talking a lot of nonsense about fairyland!"

Without meaning to she had crossed the road. "I've a good mind to go in," she thought defiantly. "If I don't at once, I shall be afraid to think he will be there. How absurd I am!"

She walked across the court, up the steps of the museum. There was something hypnotised about the swift, unerring straightness of her gait.

Through the corridor, up the stairs, and so, traversing the ante-room, to the Salotto.

By the blue-clothed Madonna with her foot on the crescent moon she stopped, gave a quick look round, then a sharp-cry, turned, and would have fled; but a hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Blue Eyes," said the voice that had haunted her, "I knew you would come."

(To be continued.)

GARROULD'S STYLISH COSTUMES.

THE SECRET OF INEXPENSIVE DRESS BILLS.

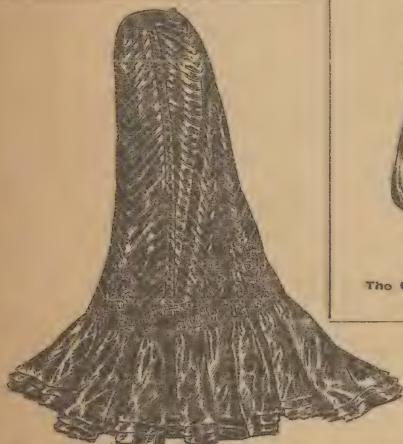
The superficial critic may say that women spend far too much upon dress; that they hanker after silks when fastness should be their only wear, and that their extravagance should certainly be curbed. We shall show here how very wrong the superficial critic is in his judgment by proving that at Messrs. Garrould's, -150, Edgware-road, Hyde Park, W., women whose dress allowances are quite

this page, is a charmingly designed and beautifully cut skirt mounted on a bolistic foundation and in every way worthy to disport itself in the best equipped wardrobe. The gathered flounce which the picture shows is headed with scrolls of the material, and the skirt is completely covered with Vandykes of cording, while each seam is handsomely trimmed in the manner depicted in the illustration.

Our affections are returning to the materials the well-dressed women of ten years ago so highly appreciated, and one of these is silk merveilleux. Will it be believed that the skirt already described can



The Olivia. A washing silk blouse. Price 6s. 9d.



The Emerson. A handsome skirt. Price 28s. 6d.

purchased for a bodice. The same model carried out in silk and wool eolienne is purchasable at a guinea, and in crêpe de Chine, chiffon glacé, and messaline silk, it can be bought from 30s. 6d. So here is a chance for every taste to be satisfied. This is the season of balls, a circumstance of which the members of this firm are well aware. They are real friends to those girls who want to dress prettily and smartly upon small allowances, and have specially produced for them the Greta, a fascinating silk robe, the price of which is 16s. 9d. only. Made of soft, washing silk in the manner depicted by the illustration shown on this page, with the fashionable gangings and puffings that look so well upon a girlish form beneath the waist, in ropes round the skirt and at the foot as a heading of the prettily-ruffled flounce, it is obtainable carried out in any colour, or in cream and black.

Perhaps the champagne skirt will meet the views of most girls, though the one with fair hair will



The Greta. A Parisian Silk Robe. Price 16s. 9d.

moderate can yet justifiably find plenty of money for silk robes of various descriptions.

The Emerson, which will be seen illustrated on

be purchased in rich silk merveilleux for 28s. 6d. This pleasant announcement is an absolute fact; moreover, for 8s. 6d. extra, plenty of silk can be

hover between it and a turquoise robe, and the brunette will certainly be spoilt with choice among the mauves, eau de Nil, apricots, golden browns,

and cardinals. The bodice piece for this robe is 4s. 6d., and let the marvellous price of the skirt itself be once more repeated. Made as you see it here in the picture it is 16s. 9d. only. At any rate send for a robe on approval or for patterns of the silk that make this robe, and satisfaction will certainly be your portion.

The convenience of purchasing skirts of this description has only to be recognised once to be enjoyed over and over again. They are cut from an original Paris model, and simply require to be formed at the back and banded at the waist to ensure a perfect fit. They appeal, therefore, most emphatically to women whose knowledge of dress-making is practically nil, and who want to secure at an hour or two's notice something completely smart for immediate wear. Though these two skirts are not by any means the only ones that Messrs. Garrould have in stock they are representative of the excellence of the rest.

A blouse of the latest style, smart, serviceable, and ready to put on is another possession that will appeal to every woman. The Olivia is made of a very bright and effective silk which washes perfectly and can be purchased in pale blue, navy blue, cardinal, eau de Nil, brown, pink, white, cream, and black. It is procurable in three sizes to fit bust measurements of 40, 42, and 44 inches.

To expand the excellent picture of it shown on this page may be mentioned the fact that it is most daintily tucked, and trimmed with buttons covered with silk to match that which is used for the blouse. The sleeve is of a very smart pattern with a puff at the elbow and a deep gauntlet cuff. It will be recognised that this blouse is of a remarkable value when its price is mentioned, for it is only 6s. 9d., and is a thoroughly good and desirable bargain.

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Worn by Royalty.

"The true test of civilisation is not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of man the country turns out."—EMERSON.

IN THE PAST our bodies were ignored and treated anyhow.

IN THE PRESENT they are considered and trained, but on wrong principles.

IN THE FUTURE Science will admit with Montaigne that "we cannot carry on the education of a soul and body separately; it is the whole man we have to develop."

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trains Brain and Body till physically perfect, by Full-contraction Exercise, Relaxations, Baths, and Diet.

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IF YOU ARE a thoughtful man or woman you will like to know the TRUTH about Physical Culture. If you find it easier to follow Authority and dogmatic assertions than scientific facts, then other so-called Systems will appeal to you more than mine.

WHAT MY PUPILS WRITE TO ME.—

FROM A CLERGYMAN, after FOUR Lessons.—

"I am sorry not to have reported for so long. The truth is I have been feeling so well, I have not thirsted for fresh exercises. I certainly have not felt so fit since I left school. I am sleeping well, and everyone remarks on my improved appearance, 'hardly recognisable,' etc.—H. C. Wells, January, 1904."

FROM AN ENGLISH LADY OF TITLE, after FIRST Lesson.—

"I am feeling very much better; constipation no longer any trouble, and the pain of right arm beginning to mend.—Lady T., London, W., January, 1904."

FROM A CLERK, after finishing the COURSE.—

"I have derived immense benefit from following your advice, and I feel that your system has only to be tried for its inestimable benefits to be realised, and I shall do my best always to bring it to the notice of my friends.—A. C. Croydon, February, 1904."

FROM A DRAPER, after FOUR Lessons.

"I have made very satisfactory progress. I feel rejuvenated—some five years younger, in fact, than I did a year ago. I am also much lighter and more active in my movements.—G. S., London, S.E., March, 1904."

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FULL-DRESS TOILETTES FOR SMART HUNT BALLS.

EVENING ATTIRE.

SILVER A BEAUTIFUL TRIMMING.

The use of silver is conspicuous among the best evening toilette models for dinner and evening wear. A very pretty frock made the other day was composed of white tulle covered with silver paillettes, and round the very full skirt were festooned garlands of tiny silver roses. A berthe of tulle and roses completed the décolletage, which, though round, had a square effect, for there were

brodery upon them are popular, and plain chiffons and silk mousselines with printed floral borders are seen in some very attractive colourings and designs. They are useful for youthful frocks requiring little trimming apart from the flower border.

Gold and silver gauze ribbons and narrow ribbons in plain colours, but with lines of silver or gold at their edges, are effective trimmings, and the beautiful soft wide-dowered ribbons are used for sashes and are draped into boleros, short sleeve puffs, and even put together to make little basque coats to be worn with mousseline skirts.

Luxury in coats and wraps has reached an apex. Even the debutante must have something splendid

PRETTY ITEMS.

NOTES ON DRESS FROM THE CENTRES OF FASHION.

Evening silk petticoats are made with flounces of silk embroidered in designs of eyelet holes alternated with rows of lace.

Dull suede slippers in a rich shade of hunter's green are very popular for house wear, while for dressy occasions bronze slippers are in great request, and are seen both beaded and plain.

Black evening gowns increase in popularity. Chiffon velvet is combined with net heavily embroidered with sequins, or with jet.

Leather trimmings are introduced upon cloth motor coats with good effect, especially when the lining of the coat is a leather one.

The newest corset, while retaining the straight-fronted effect, is higher above the waist than its predecessor. The latest shape has a pronounced curve at the hips and a spring at the back that makes the waist appear smaller and rounder than before.

WHITE HANDS.

TIGHT RINGS PRODUCE REDNESS.

Every woman wants to have beautifully white hands, and if the skin is naturally white very little care is required to preserve it. A good soap, aided by a pinch or two of oatmeal, may be used for a thorough cleansing twice a day, and once a week they should be rubbed all over with a slice of lemon.

If these white hands are inclined to chaps, camphor ice may be applied at night, and white gloves worn to increase the softening effect. Holes should always be cut in the palms of the gloves to allow ventilation. For distressingly red hands, equal parts of glycerine, lemon-juice, and rose-

water may be applied nightly under gloves, and daily applications of lemon-juice are sure to produce a whitening effect. Tight sleeves and tight finger-rings are a frequent source of red hands, and the only remedy for this is to remove the irritating



The Marguerite plait is worn very much now, and looks well arranged as it is shown above.

cause. Smooth white hands may be difficult to acquire, but they are certainly within the reach of all who care for them sufficiently to make the effort required to secure them.



The pale amber crepe de Chine gown depicted on the left of the above picture is handsomely trimmed with Spanish lace to match it in colour and with black ribbon velvet. On the right is shown a pale-blue mirror frock, adorned with bands of pleated lace separated by bars of blue velvet ribbon.

shoulder straps applied to it made of tulle thickly pailletted with silver.

Dinner and restaurant frocks of the exquisitely flowered silks sold now are well liked, for they certainly possess the advantage of being more serviceable than the gauze materials are. A Pompadour silk, with a dull white ground dotted all over with

in this way. A beautiful cloak for a matron is made of velvet slit up at the sides to a point between the elbow and shoulder, so that the arms may pass through, though the cloak hangs in perfectly straight lines. It is bordered on all its edges by a line of satin, and lined with the softest and handsomest white brocade.

There are also some very graceful and new cloth cloaks made in the Arabian burnous form and in the kimono shape (though this is less new), and there are innumerable models built of cloth, light in colour, handsomely lined, but little trimmed, and so perfectly suited to youthful wenders as well as to their elders.

WHAT KEROSENE WILL DO.

A LIST OF USEFUL HINTS.

Marks on tables caused by hot dishes may be removed by kerosene rubbed in well with a soft cloth, finishing the process with a little Eau de Cologne rubbed over the places with another dry cloth.

When giving the final polish to stoves, before leaving them for the summer, mix the black lead with a little kerosene instead of water to prevent rust.

Tarnished paint may be cleaned by being rubbed with a cloth wet with kerosene.

Pour a teaspoonful of kerosene into each quart of boiled starch wanted with a gloss; this will also prevent the iron sticking to thin materials.

Rub lamp chimneys with newspapers on which has been poured a little kerosene. This will make them clearer than if soap is used, and will render them also less liable to crack.

To remove rust from steel rub it with kerosene and soak it for a day, polishing it with emery paper and kerosene.

Rub rusty flat-irons with kerosene. Kerosene will soften boots and shoes hardened by water and render them as pliable as new. Brighten zinc with kerosene. A tablespoonful of kerosene in a boiler of clothes will greatly facilitate the cleansing of them.

Oilcloth may be brightened if it is rubbed with kerosene. All soiled spots found round door-knobs on light-painted doors may be removed by kerosene on a flannel cloth, with no injury to the paint.



A high aigrette is very becoming arranged as the picture shows it.

a tiny spot of gleaming satin white, and patterned with a loose scattered rose design, so blurred and faint that its outlines are hardly traceable, is one of the novelties, and a most exquisite one.

The flowered chiffons and mousselines are delightful, and will be used far more lavishly than the plain ones during the coming season. Plain chiffon or mousseline with floral appliques or em-

How to Make LIGHT Cakes and Buns with Certain Success.

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TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. Callan, 1, Mariborough Avenue, Hull, A Chiswick Grocer writes:

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"Please send on Eiffel Tower Bun Flour at once. The repeat orders from the public are so numerous that it is a worry to be behind the counter and be unable to supply the public with it."

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INCREASES THE APPETITE,
RESTORES VITAL ENERGY,

IT IS
A MARVELLOUS PICK-UP,
AND
THE UNFAILING REMEDY FOR
CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, ANÆMIA, RHEU-
MATISM, GENERAL DEBILITY, and all
Wasting Diseases.

Dr. Rooke's Solar Elixir is a HOUSEHOLD
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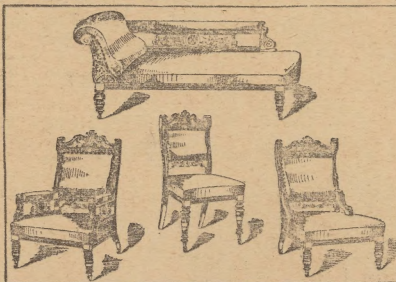
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